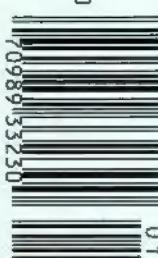


ALIENS FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF THE KARATE KID

No.  
268  
January  
1987

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# MAD

"The only man entitled to be asleep at the switch is the owner of an electric blanket."

—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES publisher

NICK MEGLIN, JOHN FICARRA editors

LEONARD BRENNER art director TOM NOZKOWSKI production

CHARLIE KADAL, JOE RAIOLA, SARA FOWLER editorial assistants

DICK DE BARTOLO creative consultant BILL NEGRON layout

JACK ALBERT lawsuits ANNE GRIFFITHS logistics

GLORIA ORLANDO, M.C. GAINES, TINA HOLLOWAY subscriptions

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS the usual gang of idiots

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COVER ARTISTS: WILL ELDER & HARVEY KURTZMAN

COVER IDEA: THE EDITORS

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## VITAL FEATURES

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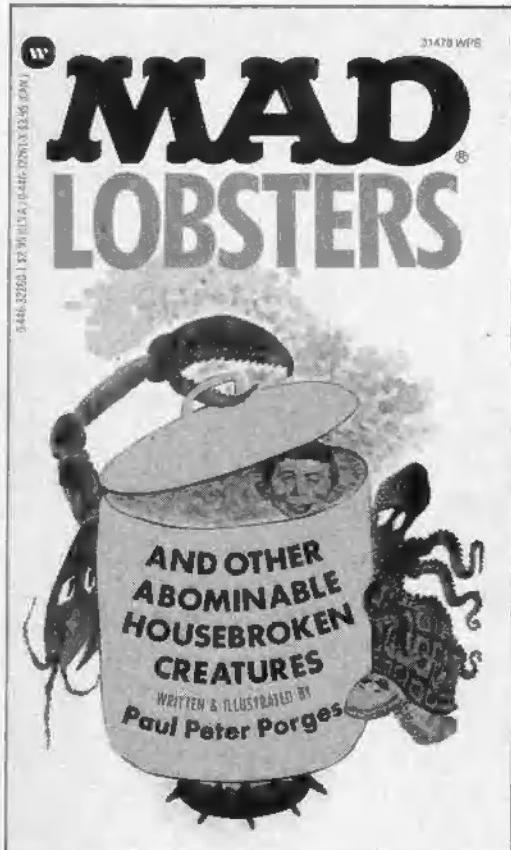
THE MAD RICHTER SCALE FOR HUMAN BEINGS  
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"ALIENATORS" (A MAD MOVIE SATIRE)  
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# CREATURES from a HACK BUFFOON!

Mainly, this all new  
potpourri of pet peeves  
from Paul Peter Porges!



**Shell out a few clams for  
this crab-bag of laughs!**

(So we can net a profit!)

## LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPT.



### HOT TV ISSUE

"Groaning Pains" was just plain THICKENING!

Walter Crescitelli  
Montreal, Canada

*Thez youl—Ed.*

In "The Cosby Show Nasty File" in MAD #266 you completely forgot Grandma Huxtable and Sandra. What gives?

Anthony Agneta  
Atkinson, NH

*They are worthy of neither scorn nor mention. In fact, we're sorry we printed your letter.—Ed.*

Your satire of "Wheel Of Fortune" made me mental! It was so mean! Pat Sajak is a pretty decent guy, I must say! So lay off him!

Kevin "Ed Grimley" McGuire  
Kenner, LA

Your TV issue should be cancelled!

Loren Keller  
Muscatine, IA

### RUTH-ACHE

Do you realize that six, count 'em, six pictures of Doctor Ruth appear in issue #266? You could have combined all that space and instead run a picture of one person, say, Dick Clark!

Christian Perry  
Nepean, Canada

*The reason we used Dr. Ruth six times is because, as she always says, once is not enough!—Ed.*

### IT'S A SPIES' LIFE

I was tickled to see that Antonio Prohias and his notorious Spies infiltrated the September issue of *Life Magazine*. Now if they could get Don Martin in there they'd be on to something!

Mae Hemmes  
The Trailer  
Jackson, NJ

### MADHATTAN, INC.

I just read the article about MAD in the August issue of *Manhattan, Inc.* It reminded me how much I loved MAD when I was growing up, which is something I guess I'm still doing. So I want to subscribe for 24 issues. My check is enclosed.

Judith Wahlert  
New York, NY



### SICK SICK SICK

I've had enough of the recent satanic overtones present throughout your magazine. Just take a look at Alfred E. Neuman, whose initials are A.E.N. Just add the letters N,X,O,R,C,I,S,T,E,E,D,E,D and you have the words "An Exorcist Needed." Also, if you turn the name of your magazine backwards you have "DAM," which stands for "Dopey, Agnostic Meanies." I am shipping you a crate full of assorted religious pamphlets, vials of holy water, ten versions of the Bible, and some records by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir! All I ask in return is that you redeem your ways.

Robert Boyce  
Las Vegas, NV

*Sure, as soon as you move from Las Vegas, the nation's capital of sin!—Ed.*

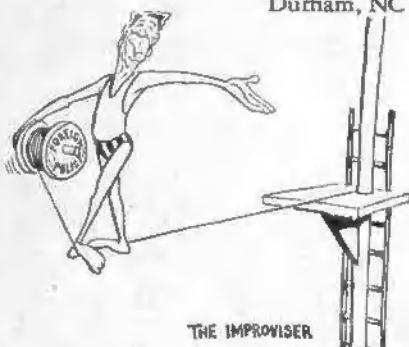


Longtime MAD writer Dick DeBartolo recently paid a visit to Regis Philbin's *Lifestyles* show on the Lifetime Cable Network. Dick spoke about his many years with MAD and showed Regis the proper way to read an issue. Who knows where Dick will pop up next; he's a very lonely guy!

## ANOTHER MAD RIP-OFF

I found this editorial cartoon in a recent copy of *The Durham Morning Herald*. It sure does look a lot like the cover of MAD #246, doesn't it?

Duke Mantee  
Durham, NC



Cartoon from *The Durham Morning Herald*.



MAD issue #246, April 1984.

### MAD SCAVENGER

Say, dig this! I take care of the landscaping at various establishments, and they have good stuff in their dumpsters sometimes. That's where I found the MAD from which I'm sending in the subscription. It's amazing! You guys made a three-year sale as a direct result of one MAD getting thrown in the garbage!

**Great!** Now you'll have a steady supply to put in your trash, where your garbage-picking buddies are sure to find them and become subscribers themselves!—Ed.

### MORON MAIL

I hate when my teachers take away my MADs while I'm reading them. My friend's teacher (a nun) took away his MAD, read it and started to laugh our loud. Can you believe it?

Andrew Quinn  
Ontario, Canada

We have FAITH in what you say. OUR FATHER tells us that many nuns are in the HABIT of reading MAD RELIGIOUSLY, since MAD has a POPE-pourri of GOD-awful material. AMEN.—Ed.

Please Address All Correspondence To:  
MAD, Dept 268, 485 MADison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-compressed stamped envelope!

# LOOKING FOR A FUSE LAUGHS?

You'll get a bang out of...

A large advertisement for MAD magazine. At the top, it says "SUMMER 1987 SUPER SPECIAL" and "OUR PRICE CHEAP". The word "MAD" is written in a stylized, jagged font. Below it, the word "BOMBS" is written in large, bold, block letters. A caricature of a boy's head is in the center, with several hands holding lit sticks of dynamite around his hair. At the bottom, there is text: "96 PAGES OF EXPLOSIVE DUDS SALVAGED FROM PAST ISSUES FEATURING A 10-PAGE PORTFOLIO OF SPY VS. SPY INCLUDING THEIR CLASSIC FIRST ENCOUNTER!"

ANOTHER BLASTED SUPER SPECIAL FROM THOSE DIRTY BLASTERS AT MAD!!!

Pick up a copy at your newsstand today—before it GOES OFF... sale!

## THE HOOKY MONSTER DEPT.

Because of one of this summer's teen movies, there's a new reason to call Chicago the "Windy City": A high school con man who's full of hot air! This glib and nervy kid is full of malarkey, baloney, bull and more bull! Which is why when he play s hooky we call it a ...

# FEARLES DAY



Ohhh...I feel dizzy...I'm seeing spots...But please, somebody help me get up... I can't miss school today! I've got a chemistry test!

You stay right where you are, you poor baby! You're obviously too sick to go to school! Your father and I are very worried about you!

There're two things I'll never understand about this family. First, why my parents let my brother, Fearless, get away with so much! And second, how Fearless got to be so clever and smart with them for parents!!

Slow, Fearless says he's going to show us a great time today when we play hooky! Maybe he'll finally bring a smile to my face!

"De gustibus non disputandum est!"



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

Can you believe my parents fell for the old "I see spots" routine? Well, I guess you can't expect much from parents who are so gullible they actually contributed money to the John DeLorean Defense Fund!

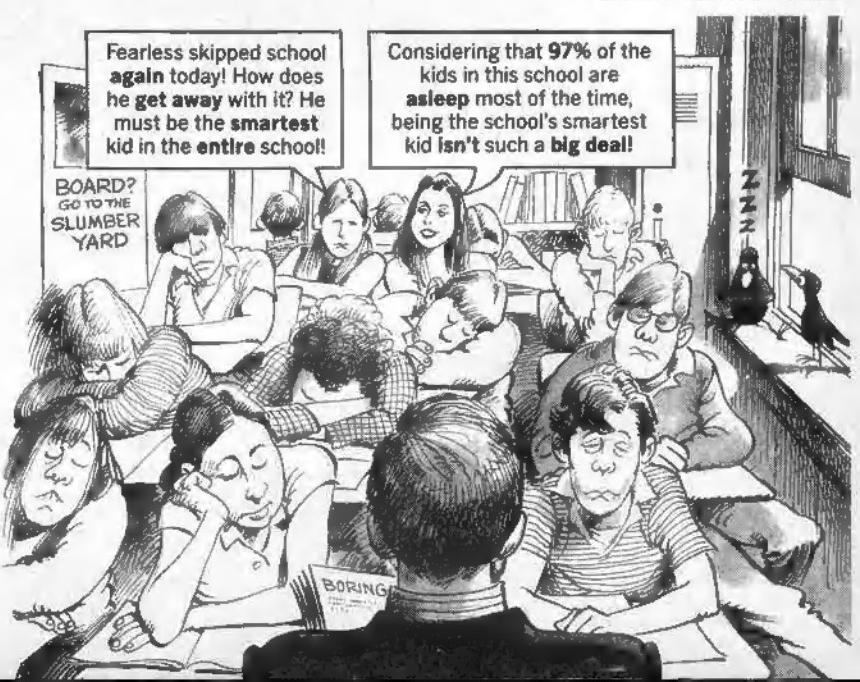
Anyway, if you ever want to fake illness so you can skip school, I have three basic recommendations:



1. Lick your palms to make them seem clammy.
2. Hold your face over the toaster to simulate fever.
3. Have parents who are morons.

Fearless skipped school again today! How does he get away with it? He must be the smartest kid in the entire school!!

Considering that 97% of the kids in this school are asleep most of the time, being the school's smartest kid isn't such a big deal!



# FEARLESS BULLER'S OFF



Don't bet on it, Cameroon! Fearless said he'd show us a good time, not perform miracles!

Grape, today's the day I, Egg Runny, Dean of Students, am finally going to outsmart Fearless Buller! Even if it means breaking the Golden Rule!

You mean not "doing unto others?"

Not that Golden Rule! The Golden Rule of High School Movies! "No adult shall have an I.Q. that's higher than his hat size!"

Do you know me? I'm the Pope! Fearless Buller convinced me that I could earn extra money for the church by doing American Express commercials. Persuasive boy, Fearless. And if you don't believe me, just ask anybody on the canonization committee that's considering him for sainthood!



WRITER: DENNIS SNEE

Mrs. Buller, your son has been absent 17 times this semester! He's setting a bad example—teaching the other students anarchy and a total disregard for all rules and authority.

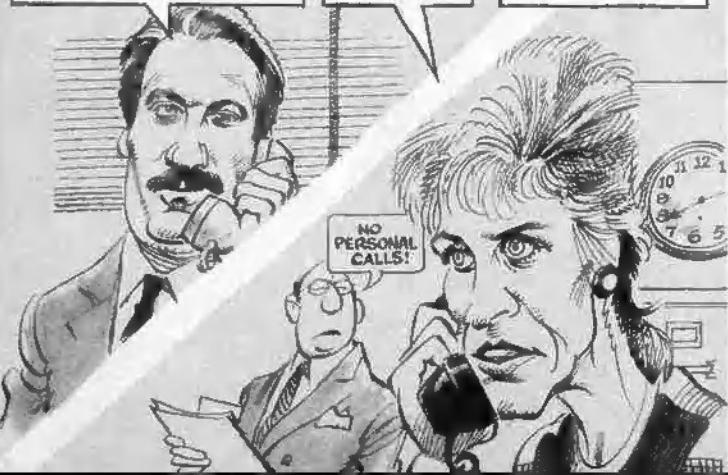
Well, Mr. Runny, how about if I drop by tomorrow to discuss it?

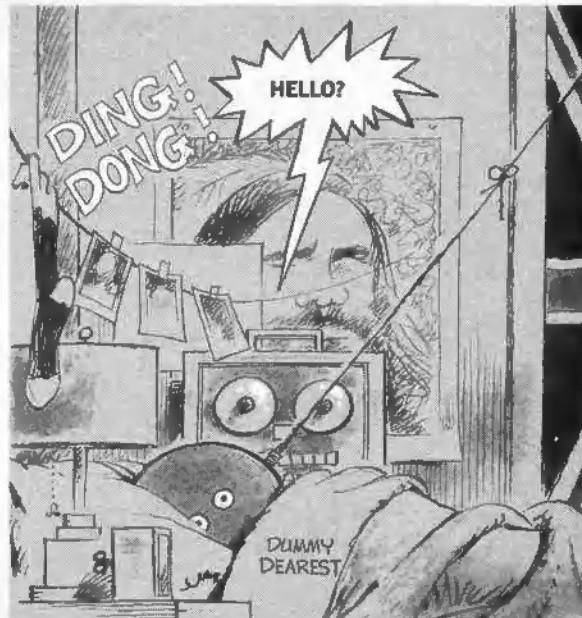
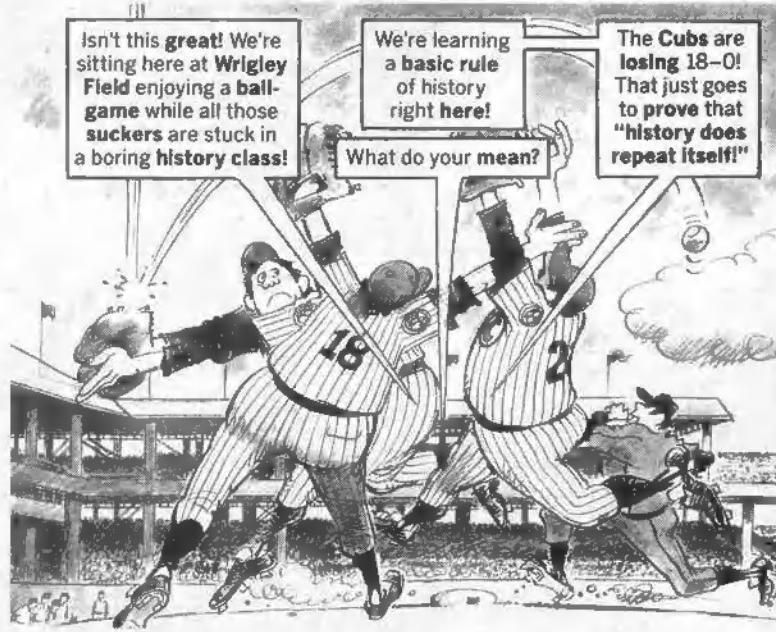
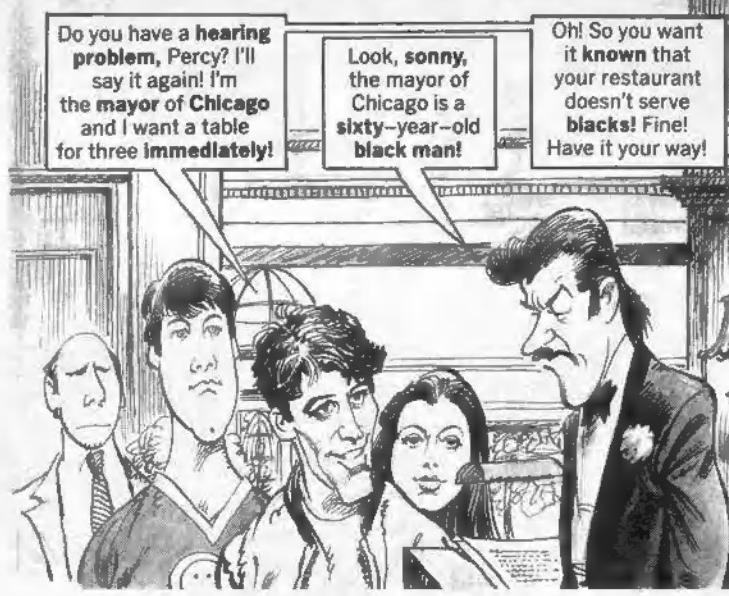
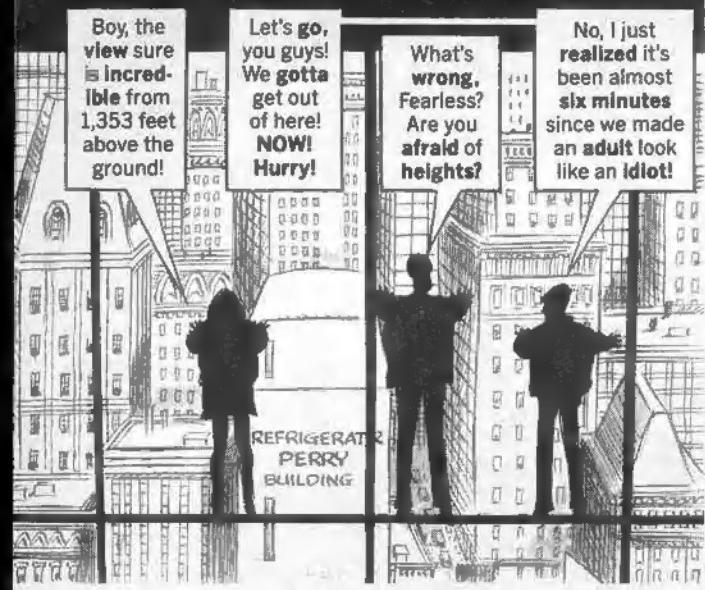
No, tomorrow's no good! I and the rest of the faculty will be on strike, picketing for a pay raise, in defiance of a court order.

Am I a genius or what? Convincing Runny that Slow's grandmother was doomed because all of the radioactivity from Chernobyl settled in the top of her hair!

Maybe, but I have my doubts about taking my father's prized Ferrari out for a spin in Chicago.

And I have my doubts about a guy who would bring along excess baggage like Cameroon when he could spend all day alone with his hot 16-year-old steady!





Buller,  
it's Mr.  
Runny!  
I want  
to talk  
to you!

I'm afraid I don't feel strong enough to come to the door right now... But if you'll come back a little later—click—come back a little later—click—come back...

Gosh, maybe I shouldn't be so rough on Buller. I never knew he had a stuttering problem!

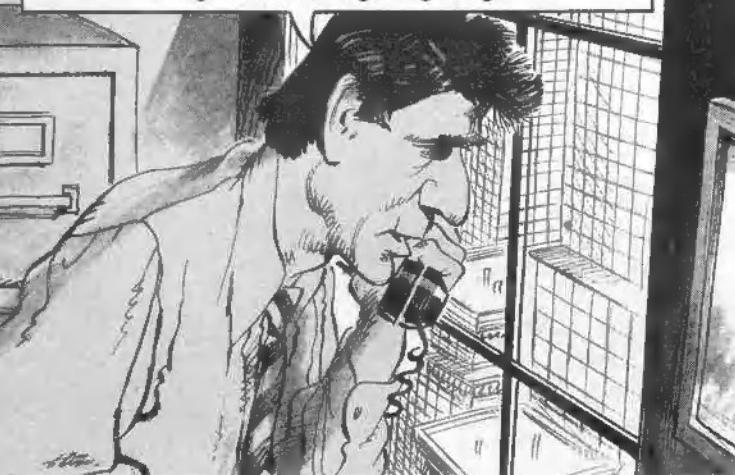
I think the Art Institute is one of the most fascinating places in all of Chicago.

Yeah, you really planned a great day, Fearless! The Art Institute, the Commodities Exchange, the Sears Tower, Wrigley Field. Where to next?

The Chamber of Commerce! I have to pick up my check for turning this movie into one, long travelogue about Chicago!



Hi honey. Listen, I'm worried about Fearless. I just called the house and there was no answer. Do you think something could be wrong? Oh... wait a minute, dear. There's a big parade in the street outside and Fearless is standing on a giant float leading a sing-along...



Boy, this sure has been one fun-filled day! I can't remember another day when I changed expressions three different times!

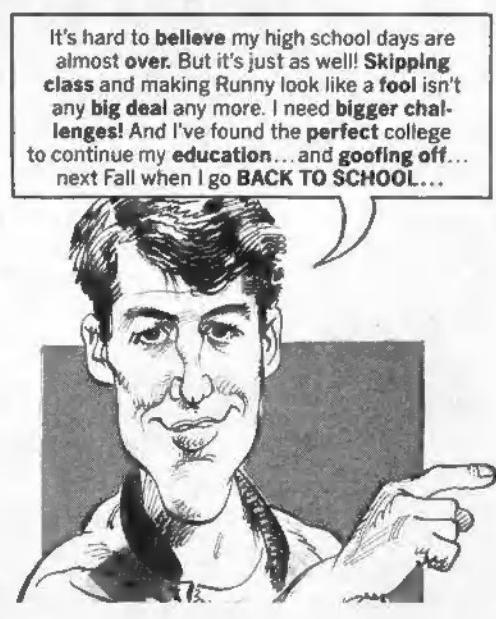
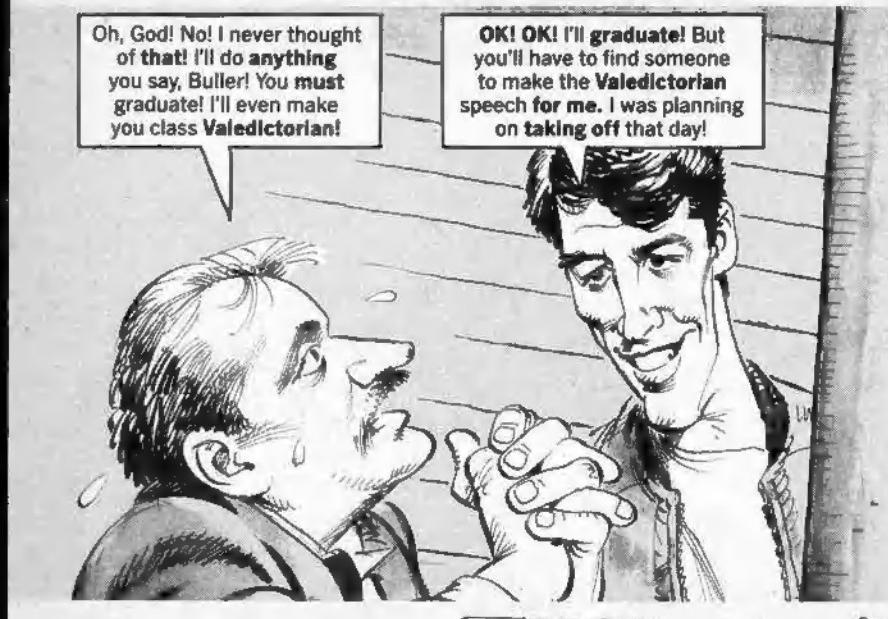
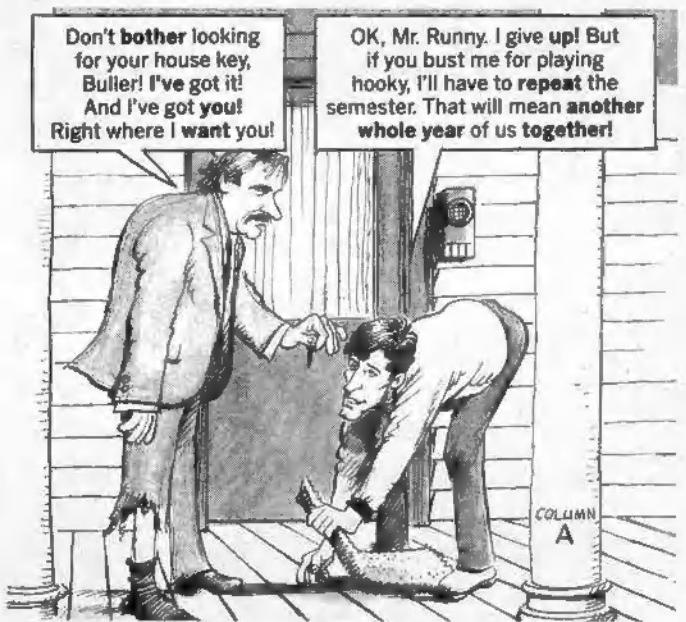
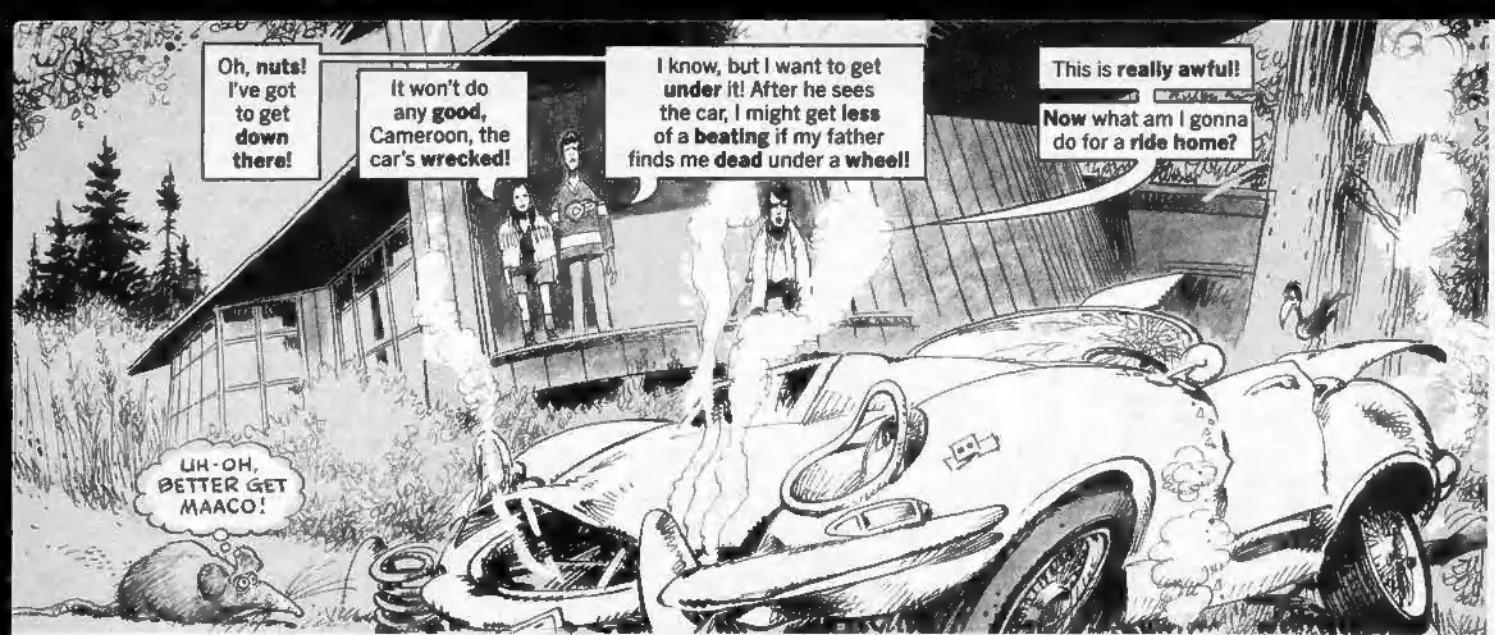
Let's see, We drove all over town, attended a Cubs game, a museum, had a leisurely lunch and took part in the only parade ever held on a school day. Anything we didn't do?

Yeah, stop at a bathroom! Outta my way! It's an emergency!

Come to think of it, how were we able to do so many things before three PM?

You know the expression, "Time flies when you're having fun"? Well the other half of that expression is "Time drags when you're with Cameroon!" God, is he depressing! Let's lose him!







Hey, welcome to Gland Lakes University! This is academia—where people drink beer, throw up, and learn how to pronounce words like "academia"! I'm Thorney Mellow, the school's oldest freshman. I know what you're thinking! I enrolled in this college just to chase pretty girls. Well, you're wrong! I plan to chase average-looking girls, too! Right now I'm majoring in one-liners, with a minor in not getting caught with any sorority sisters who are minors! But the bottom line is I'm a firm believer in education—and at my age, my beliefs are the only things that are firm!

I'm Thorney's son, Jaysun, and I think it's great my dad's a student here. I just don't think it was a good idea for him to write his first English Lit paper on whether the dominant character trait of Lite Beer is "Tastes Great" or "Less Filling"!

Hey, cut your old man some slack, Jaysun! He's a self-made man! Plus, he gave me a chance to escape my stereotype as Rocky Balboa's sloppy, stupid flunky by becoming his sloppy, stupid flunky!

I'm Diane Turn-on and I'm enchanted with Thorney! Even though he's without couth, manners or refinement, as an English Professor I realize Thorney has something infinitely more intrinsic in value—MONEY!

As Dean here at Gland Lakes, I want to say that we stand for academic excellence! We kneel and grovel for contributions, but we stand for academic excellence!

I'm Thorney's secretary! I used to be the secretary at Fearless Buller's high school, but I needed a bigger challenge! I want to make it as an Ivy League Airhead!

I'M PROFESSOR TURBOSON AND I TEACH HISTORY! STUDENTS NEVER FALL ASLEEP IN MY CLASS! NOT BECAUSE MY LECTURES AREN'T BORING, BUT BECAUSE I SCREAM AT THE TOP OF MY LUNGS! TODAY MY LECTURE TOPIC IS: "RAMBO: WHY IS HE SO SOFT ON COMMIES?"

Oh...you're still here? Why? The satire is over! Turn the page to a Don Martin or "The Lighter Side" ■... Go on! Hurry up! Turn!

**ZINGER AROUND THE COLLAR DEPT.**

Those strange doodles shown above are some of the many "Clothing Care Symbols" found on shirts

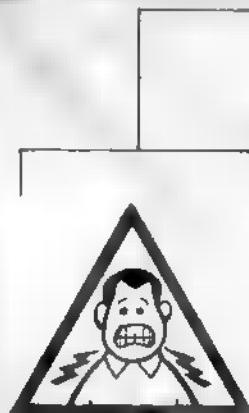
and other garments. We at MAD don't think they are very practical (especially since we never



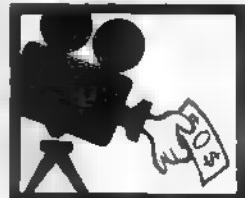
Use any solvent  
except trichloroethylene.

# NEW CLOTHING CARE SYMB

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



Two very, very sharp pins are secretly hidden in this shirt.



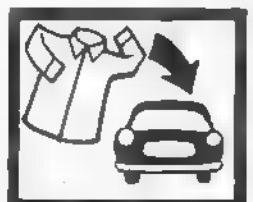
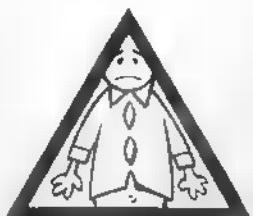
If someone filming a detergent commercial suddenly offers you \$20 for this shirt, TAKE IT!!



European styling will emphasize the American beer belly.



Made from itchy, 100% unnatural fibers. More cotton can be found in the top of an aspirin bottle.



MADE IN BA





Use chlorine bleach  
as directed on the  
container label.



Hand washable  
using lukewarm water.



Do not press  
or iron.

do laundry)! We think garment makers could do us all a favor by using symbols for information

that's *really* important! So, with that in mind, we take unusual pleasure in introducing these...

# SYMBOLS THAT TELL IT LIKE IT IS

WRITER: CHARLIE KADAU

Extra short shirttail is guaranteed to stick out unfashionably from trousers at all times.

Will shrink to size of hand puppet within three washings.

This fabric will be more effective as a car-washing rag.

Manufacturer's sizing system is incompatible to any other in the history of fashion. Your correct size is as good a guess as ours.

Garment may be ironed on any setting. (But it won't help!)

One button will fall off every time this garment is washed.

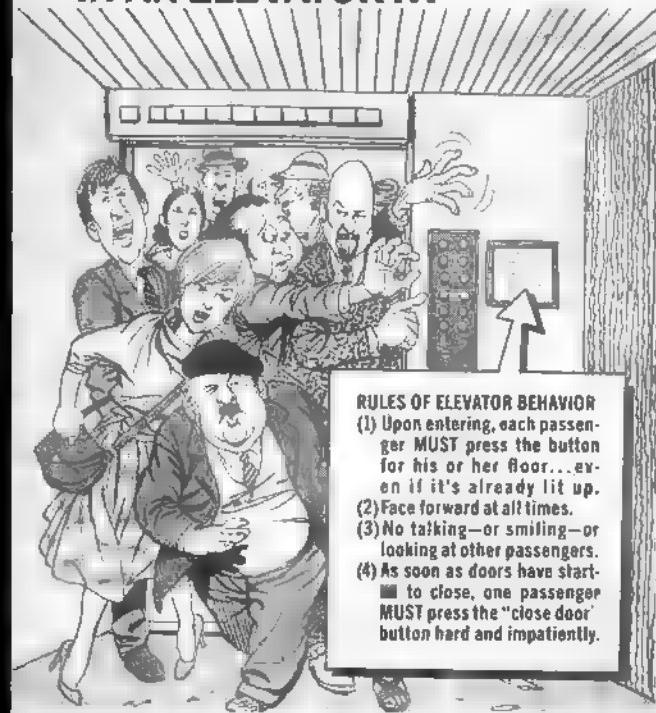
Pulling even one teeny, tiny loose thread will cause entire garment to completely unravel.

Other vital care instructions have been left off this label because of space limitations.

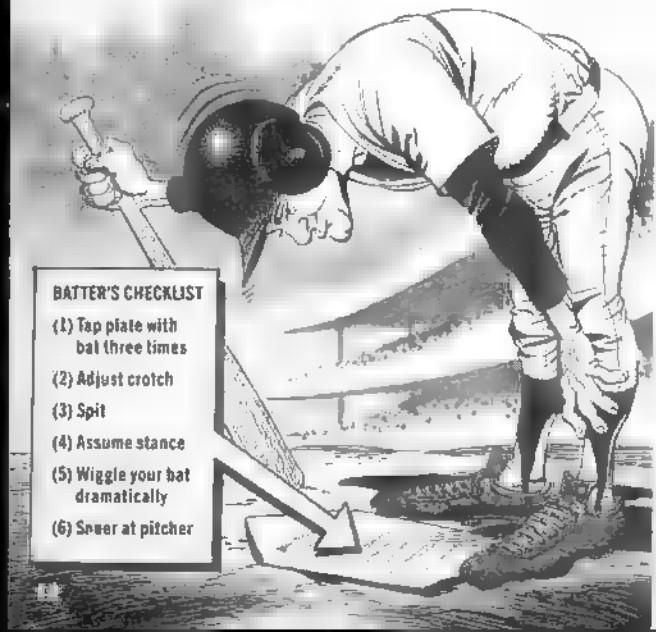
## **EDICT AND WEEP DEPT.**

Ever notice how strangely people behave...like saying "Thank you!" to check-out clerks in supermarkets? Ever wonder what they're thanking them for? For giving them change for their own money? For over-charging them for several items in their shopping cart? For keeping them waiting on line for twenty minutes? There are a lot of things people do that make absolutely no sense. But everyone does them because everyone ELSE does them! It's as if we're all behaving according to some "unwritten rules" of our society. Like "Don't belch in public!" or "Cover your nose when you sneeze!" Except that most of the time, these "unwritten laws" are arbitrary and silly! How silly...? Well, we'll show you how silly—as we take this MAD look at what it would be like...

#### **IN AN ELEVATOR...**



## **AT A BALLPARK...**



#### **IN A HOSPITAL...**

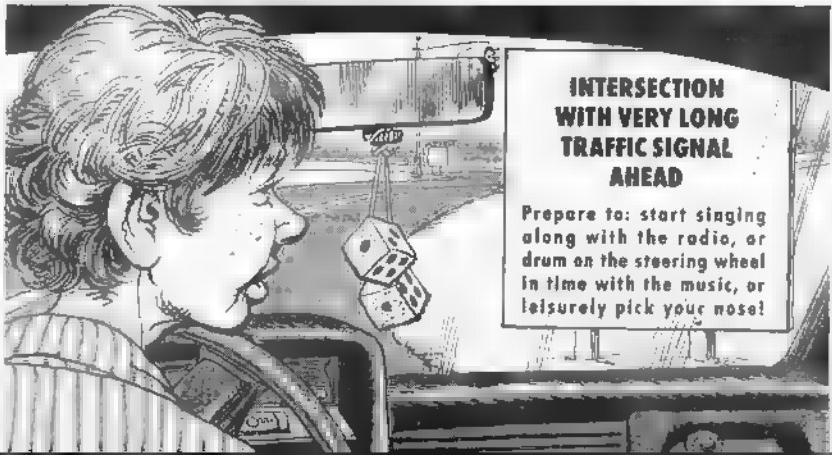


- How fantastic he or she looks
- How the hospital staff must be taking "special care" of them
- How their Medical Insurance will take care of everything
- How you would love to trade place with them and watch television all day long
- How they'll be out "in no time at all, good as new!"

#### **AT A FAMILY REUNION...**



**AT AN INTERSECTION...**





# Rules of Behavior

## WERE ACTUALLY WRITTEN DOWN

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

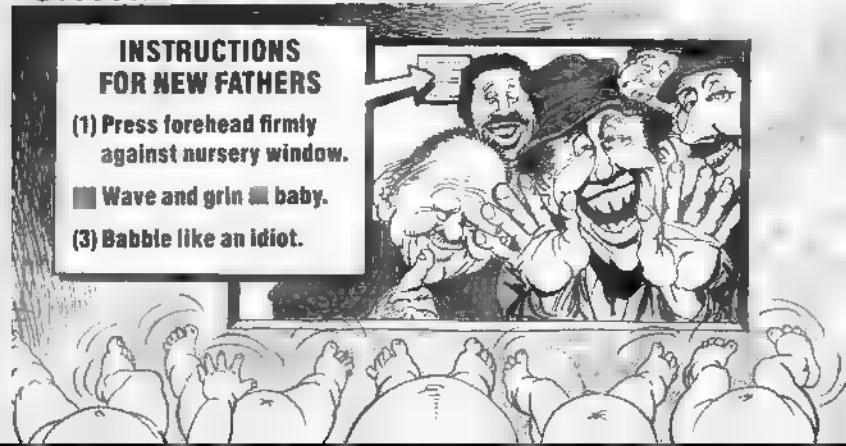
### AT A BUSINESS MEETING...



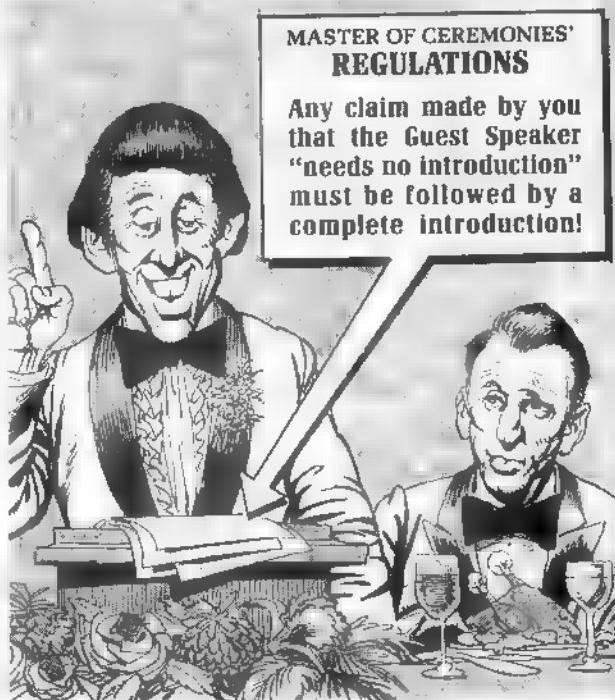
### AT A CHECK-OUT COUNTER...



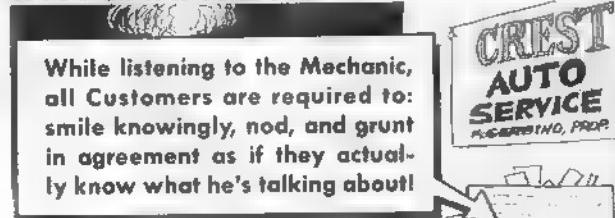
### ON A MATERNITY FLOOR...



### AT A SPEAKER'S PLATFORM...



### IN A GARAGE...



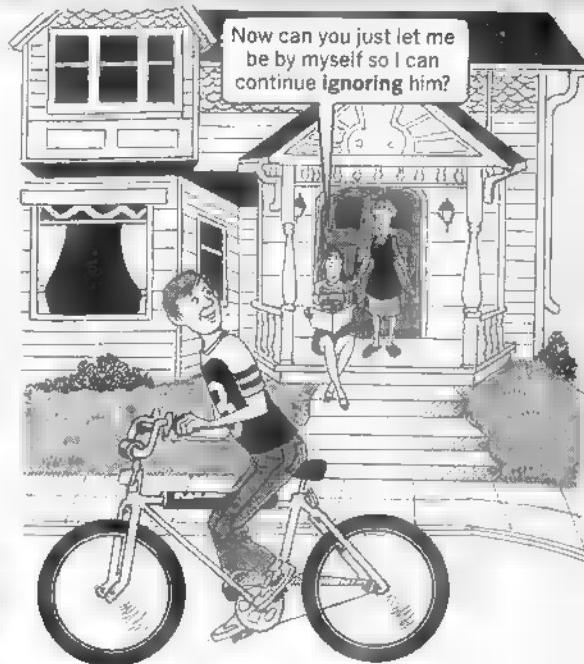
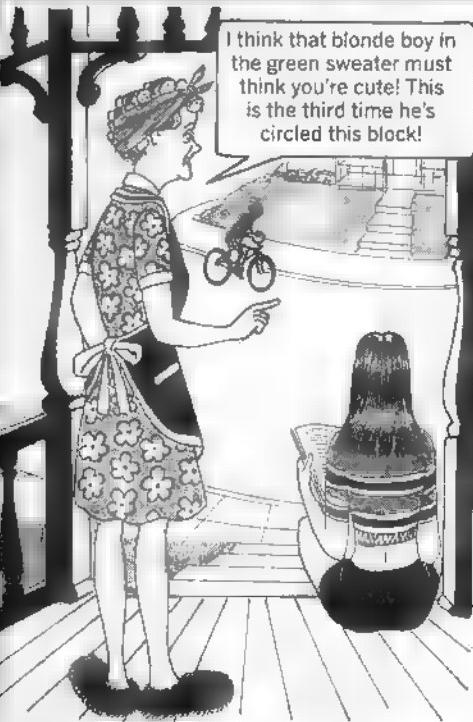
## FLIRTATION



I think that blonde boy in the green sweater must think you're cute! This is the third time he's circled this block!

His hair isn't blonde, mother, it's sandy-colored! And it's not a sweater, it's our high school's football jersey! And this is the tenth time he's circled the block!

Now can you just let me be by myself so I can continue ignoring him?



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

# THE LIGHTE

## BABY SITTERS

Hey, Biagman,  
it's your  
baby sitter!

I'll  
take  
it!

Hello...yes...yes, it's  
on a bracket on the wall  
right next to the stove!

What did the  
baby sitter  
want, Norman?



## HEALTH FOODS



ARTIST & WRITER:  
DAVE BERG

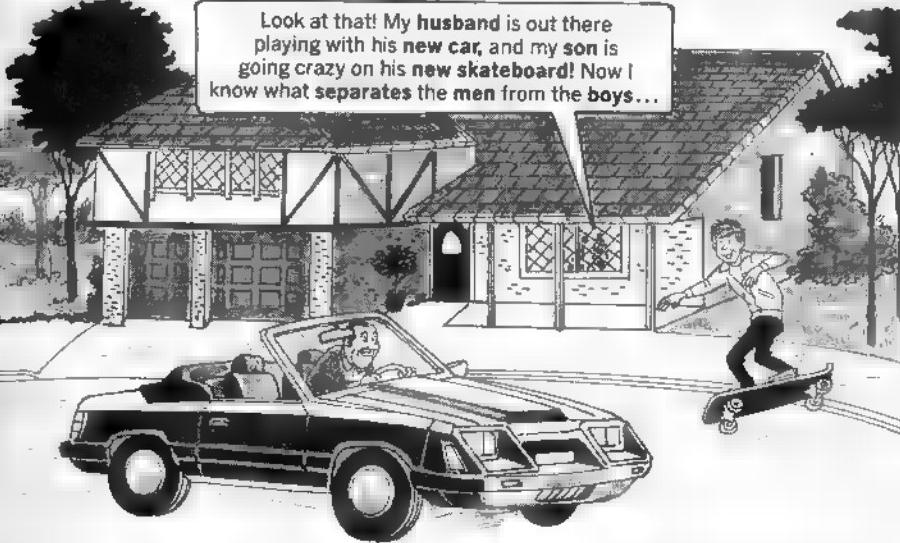
# R SIDE OF...

## DATING



# EVOLUTION

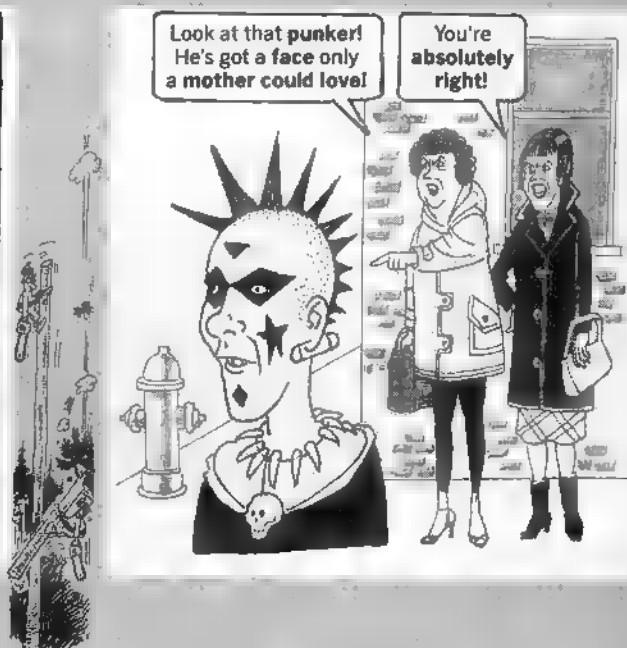
Look at that! My husband is out there playing with his new car, and my son is going crazy on his new skateboard! Now I know what separates the men from the boys...



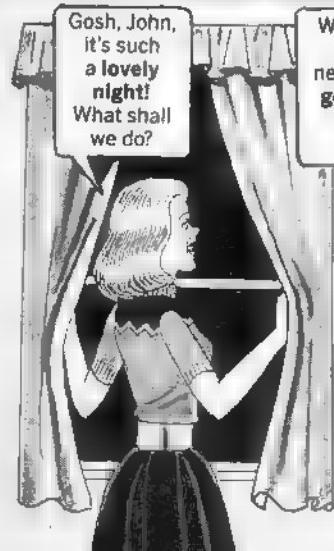
# BABYSITTING



# APPEARANCES



# OPTIONS



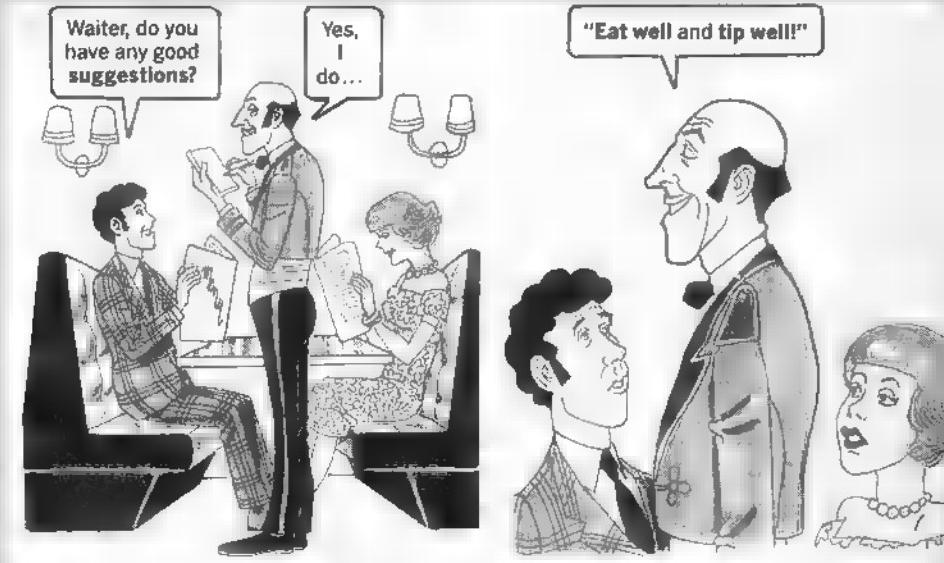
Well, we can take a ride to the beach and look at the stars, or go to the new ice cream store and try out their gelati, or catch the new "Star Trek" flick at the Royal, or get together with Lenny and Karen, or...



# PUNISHMENT



# RESTAURANTS



# CURRENT EVENTS



# INSOMNIA



# INSTRUCTION

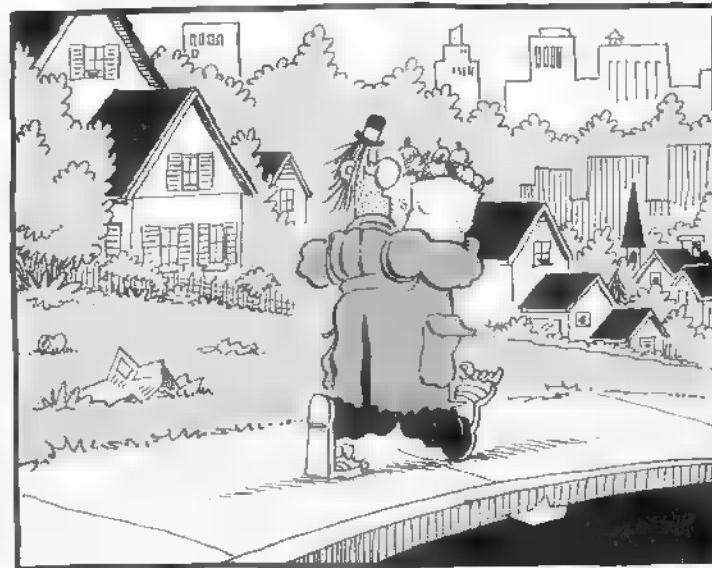


# DOCTORS



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

# ONE BALMY NOVEMBER MORNING



Some time ago, we introduced an exciting new game that anyone with a sense of humor and a typewriter could play. Then we sat back and waited for the fad to sweep the nation. That was in 1962...and we're still waiting! What's wrong with you clods? It's fun creating—

# **Hyperventilis**

ANISTI SMITH CORONA

WELTBEREICH: DESEMUND DENEKIN

Have you considered  
plastic surgery?

卷之三

I'd like you to meet my uncle from Texas

Hut...two...three  
four...! Hut...two  
three four! HAITI

P

୬

Is this where I buy my ski lift ticket?

You put too much starch in my shirt

T

• 100

1

What makes you think there's a problem at Three Mile Island?

God... I hate rush hour...!

T T

Gee, I've been ■ fan  
of yours for years,  
Little Orphan Annie!

Be with you in a minute! Just waiting for my deodorant to dry!

Why, Ann! You're—uh  
—putting ■ a little  
weight, aren't you!!

*That guy will do  
anything to get  
some attention!*

०

I  
Y

B  
P

n n

n II

**garbage strike will last:**  
I told you to wipe your feet  
before you come in the house!

Please excuse me.  
I ask you to wipe your feet  
before you come in the house!

n  
II

I I I I I I I I

I I I

II n

III

All right, Howie! Just smile into the camera I think I've had enough! I'm starting

All right, Howie! Just smile into the camera I think I've had enough I'm starting

Tin

W V T T T T T T

W V T T T T T T

As far as I'm concerned, he just doesn't exist!

You've got to try  
to come out of that  
shell of yours, Helen!

Don't you think it's about time you trimmed that nose hair of yours?

**Don't you think it's  
about time you trimmed  
that nose hair of yours?**

C  
4

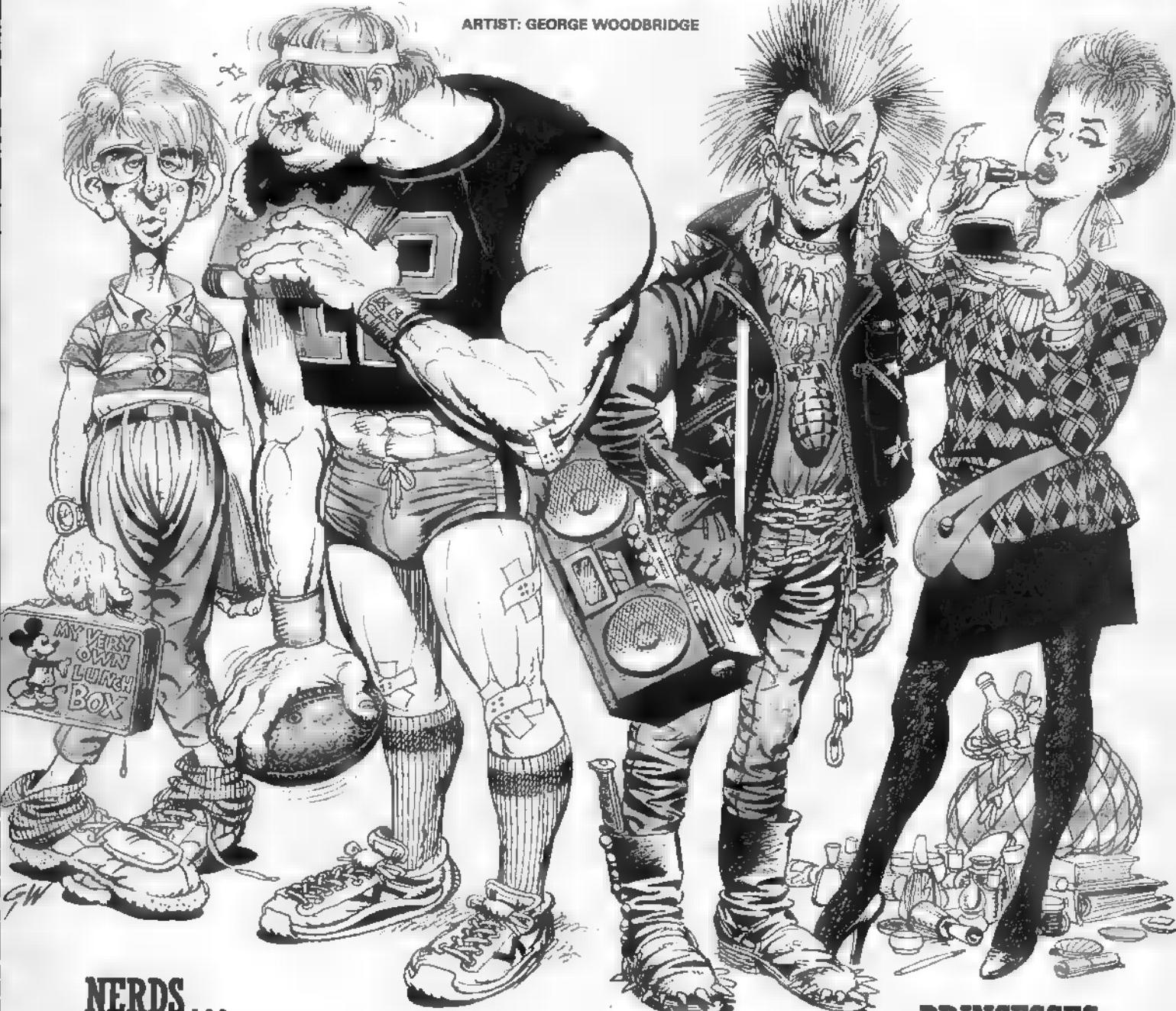
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R  
P

# THE MAD GUIDE TO VARIOUS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE



## NERDS...

...think Billy Joel is hard rock.

...wonder why people laugh at Pee Wee Herman.

...are the only reason the makers of Hush Puppies have not gone bankrupt.

## JOCKS...

...use their textbooks—but only as weights.

...wear sweat bands to their prom.

...have trouble with concepts like "numbers" and "letters."

## PRINCESSES...

...color-coordinate their spiral notebooks.

...looked up to Farrah Fawcett—before she "let herself go."

...wish scientists would hurry up and find a cure for perspiration.

## PUNKS...

...shop hardware stores for jewelry.

...have "his-and-her" lip tattoos.

...listen to Van Halen to "mellow out."

# OUS HIGH SCHOOL TYPES

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



## LEADERS...

...believe Student Council is the first step on the road to the White House.

...think people who talk during Morning Announcements should be expelled.

...get more pictures of themselves in different places in the Yearbook than the entire Freshman class.

## REBELS...

...have their own clever catch phrase: "Oh, yeah?!"

...never help decorate homecoming floats.

...believe that "burning rubber" is a dramatic social statement.

## BRAINS...

...collect scholarships for fun.

...think a "hot date" is a trip to the planetarium.

...are good to know if you ever need the value of pi ( $\pi$ ) to 127 decimal places.

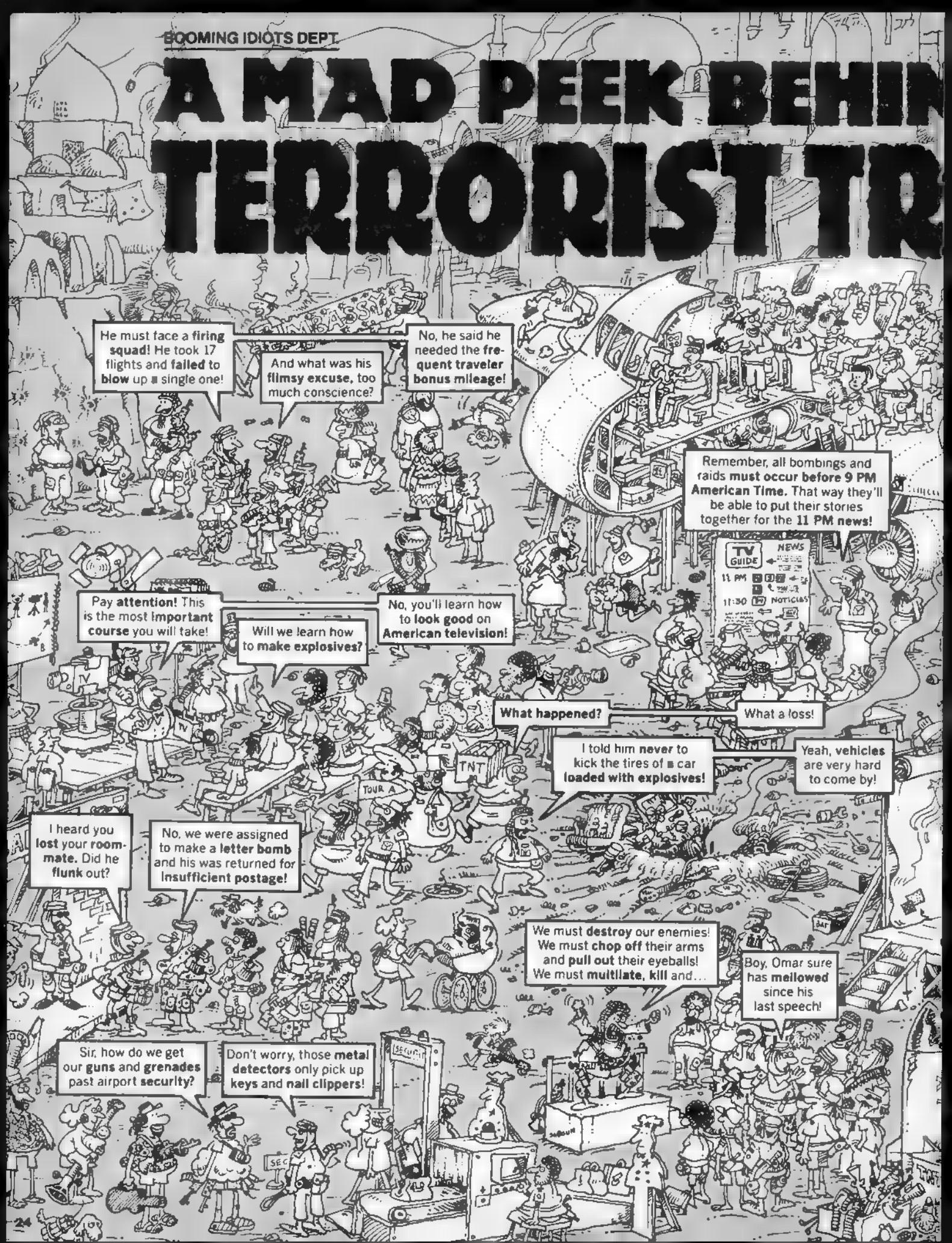
## DRUGGIES...

..."sort of" remember Sophomore year.

...want the school to give letters for dealing.

...think "gram," "tab" and "kilo" are units of currency.

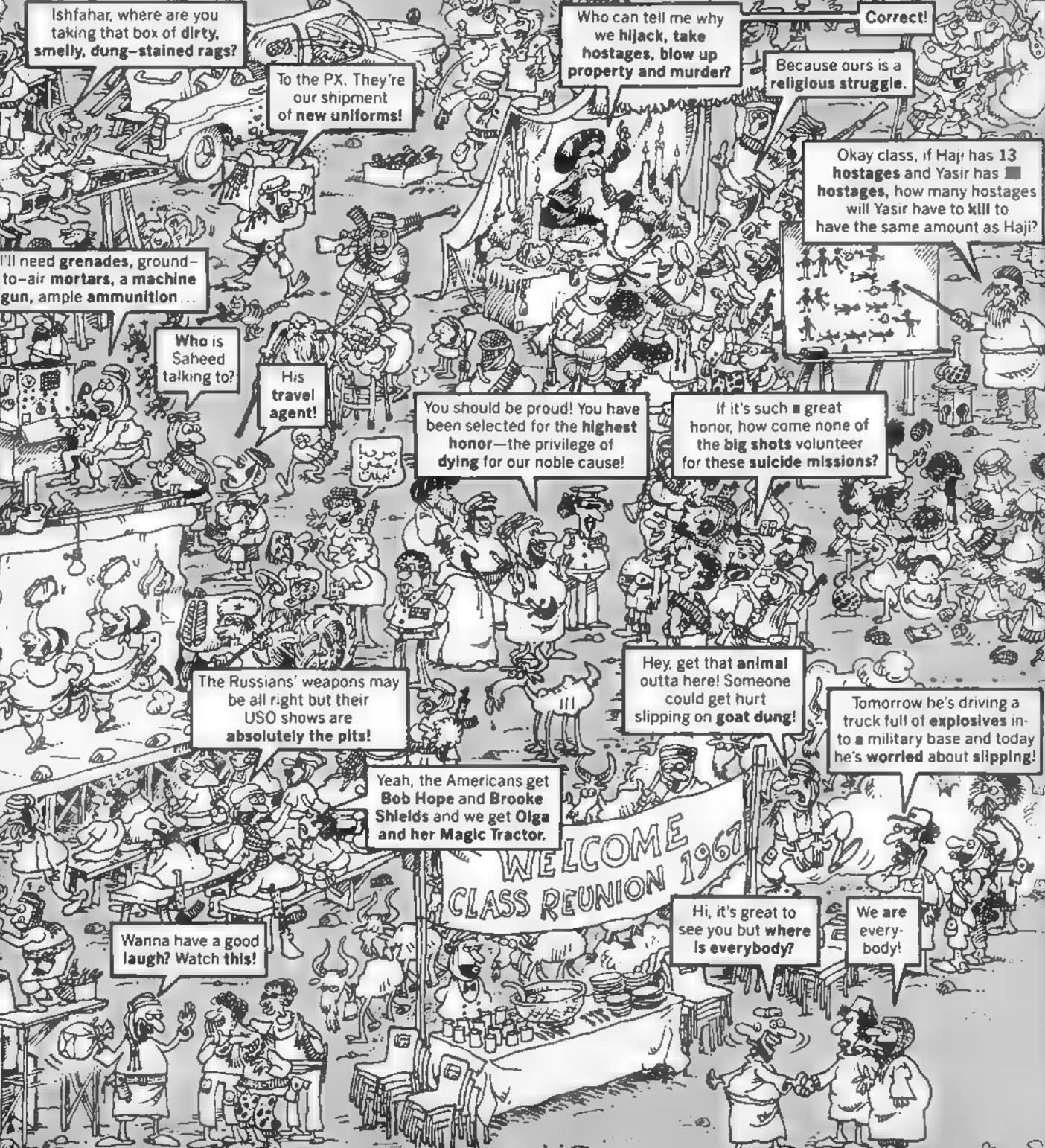
# A MAD PEEK BEHIN TERRORIST TR



# ON THE SCENES AT A MINING CAMP

ARTIST: SERGIO ARABONES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Most storytellers bring a little of themselves to the stories they tell. Others bring way too

# FAIRY STORIES AS TO

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Once upon a time there was an Italian-American named Don Corleone. Mr. Corleone was a successful olive oil importer. He was called Godfather because he was always being asked to be the Godfather of the children of his many friends and employees. The key to Mr. Corleone's success in business was his relationships with his customers. He made them offers they couldn't refuse. When Don Corleone died peacefully in his tomato patch, his son, Michael, inherited the family business.

During the war Michael was a marine and he received many decorations for bravery. But because he was from New York and was of Italian descent, a group of politicians accused this war hero of being involved in something called the "MAFIA." Michael, naturally, was cleared.

He sold the family olive oil business and bought several hotels in Las Vegas. Michael would like his son to go into politics because he wants to prove that any American can be elected to national office, even if his last name ends in a vowel.

## The Color Purple

as told by Sen. Jesse Helms



There was this nigra family livin' in the sovereign state of Georgia. They were your typical colored folks, they was into incest and havin' illegitimate babies and puttin' on airs. For example, the husband, Mister, insisted his wife Celie call him "Mister," when we all know he shoulda been called "Boy."

The nigra women folk used to go to church on Sunday and pray to our white God, which shows you how benevolent He is. Celie's sister, Nettie, went to Africa to be a missionary, which is a fine place for colored folks to go.

Mister treated Celie like a slave, which gets me to thinkin' that maybe the nigras really didn't object to slavery at all. Too bad Lincoln didn't mind his own business. Besides beatin' on his wife, Mister had a few other good points, like he smoked tobacco and we all know that the good Lord gave us tobacco for everybody to enjoy, even blacks!

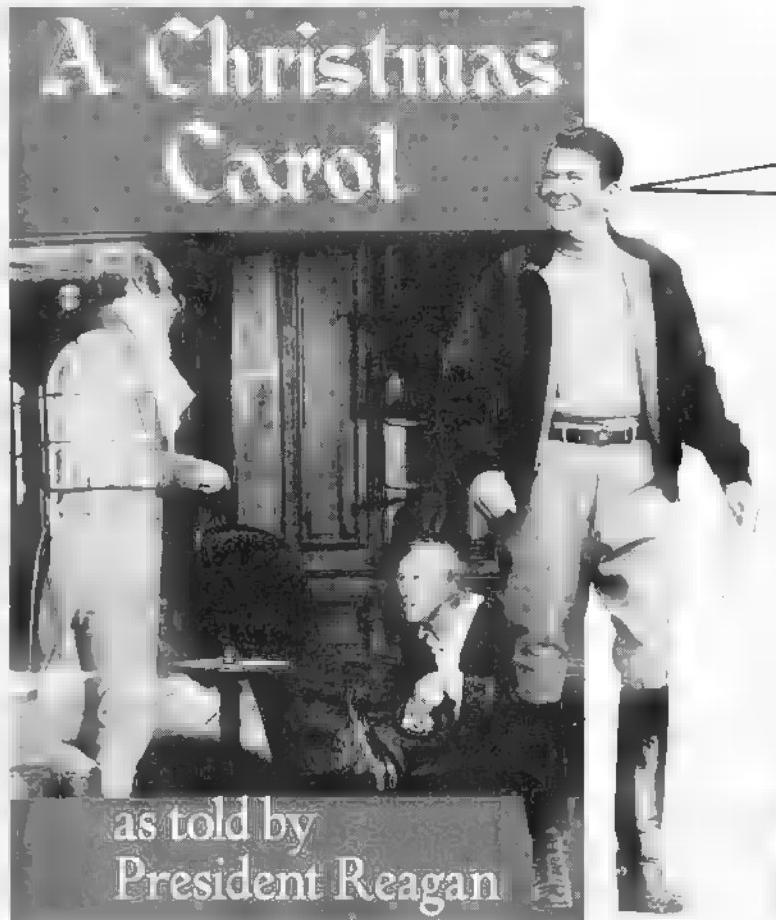
Celie got into the women's movement thing and of course, she became involved in an unnatural, disgustin' relationship which is what women's lib is all about.

Mister summed it all up by tellin' Celie, "You black, you poor, you ugly and you a woman." Shoot, I couldn't have put it better myself.

**much of themselves to the stories they tell. You'll know what we mean after reading these...**

# OLD BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Yankee pride comes right from the top, the team owner. Naturally, Lou Gehrig was a ball player who knew the meaning of Yankee pride. Whether he was hurt or not, Lou played every day. He hit for average, he drove in plenty of runs and hit the long ball. Best of all, Lou's salary was less than I pay my groundskeepers today. Lou never asked to be traded or went crying to the press to complain about the owner. He was my kind of guy.

In many ways, Lou reminds me of myself. Yes, "the Boss" and "the Iron Horse" had a lot in common. Lou Gehrig and George Steinbrenner both had football backgrounds, we both wore our pinstripes with pride, we both knew what loyalty to our fans was all about and we were both proud to be Yankees—New York Yankees. I'm sure if Lou was still with us, he would be proud to be a New Jersey Yankee, if that's the way the ball happens to bounce.

I still get a lump in my throat when I think of Lou Gehrig Day. Yankee Stadium was packed and the owner didn't have to give away free bats or helmets. Now that's what I really call "Pride of the Yankees"!

Ebenezer Scrooge was a hard working businessman. He employed Bob Cratchit as a clerk. Cratchit complained constantly. He wanted "more holidays," and "more money." He was always whining about the office being "too cold," and other such nonsense. It never occurred to Cratchit to roll up his sleeves and do an honest day's work or go to night school and pull himself up by his bootstraps. No, it was easier to complain.

When Christmas time came around the Cratchit family blamed Mr. Scrooge because they couldn't afford an elaborate dinner or expensive presents for their children.

On Christmas Eve, Mr. Scrooge had a terrible nightmare. He dreamt he was visited by his dead partner, Marley, and three ghosts. These ghosts, using Marxist-Lenin propaganda techniques, made Mr. Scrooge feel guilty because he was a success and Cratchit was a failure.

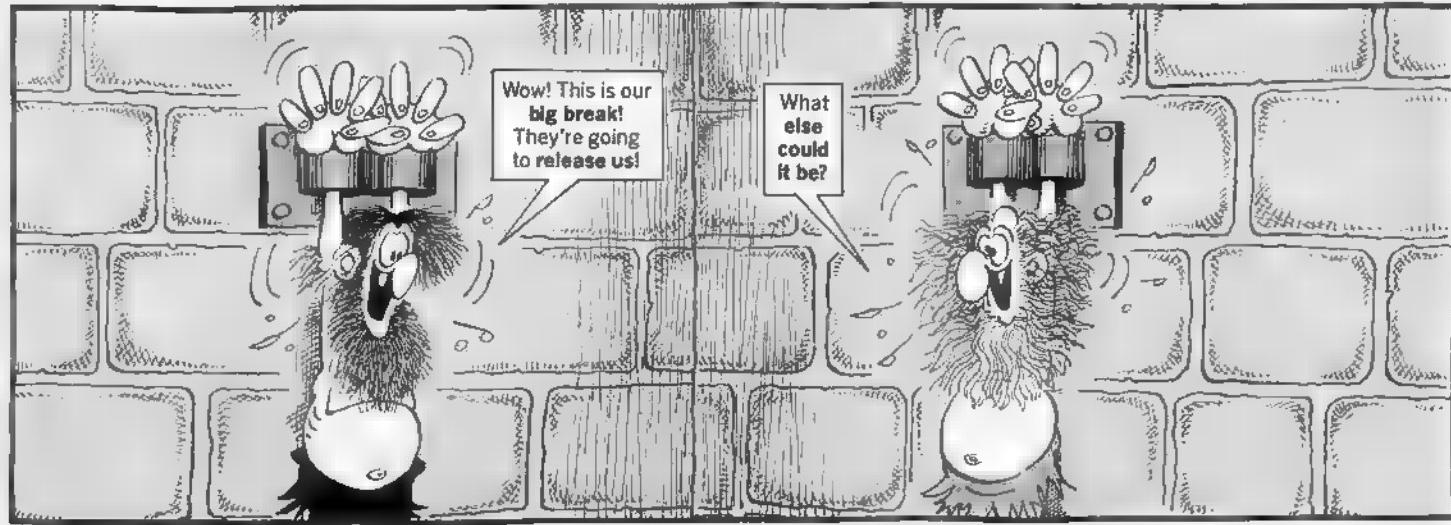
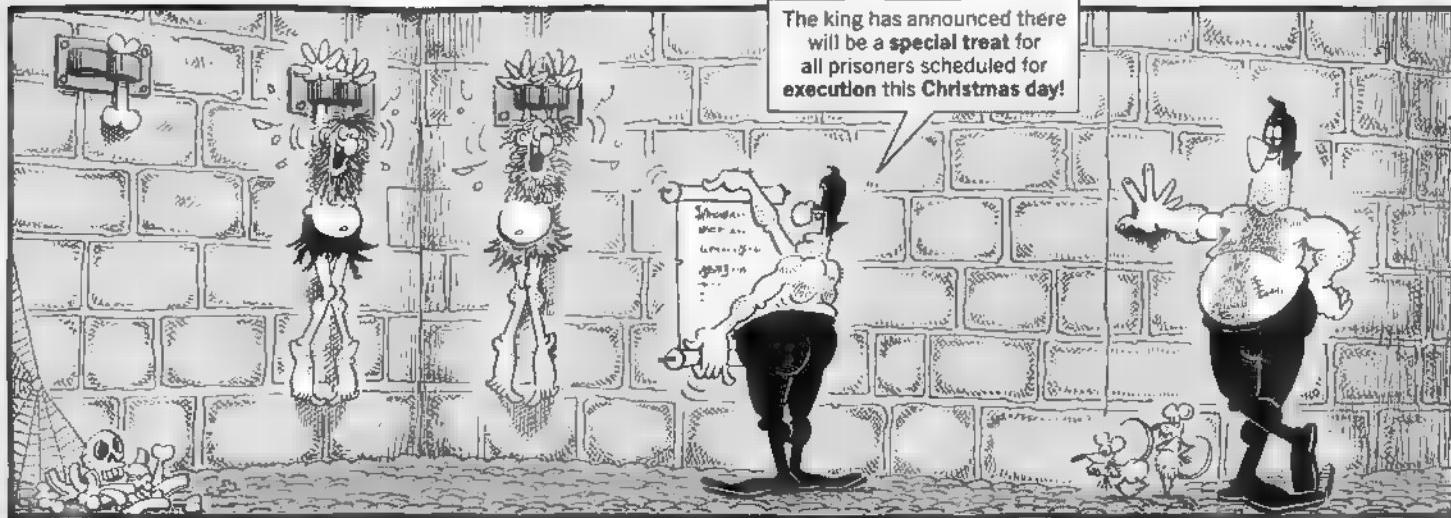
Mr. Scrooge allowed his own good fortune to trickle down by buying expensive gifts for the Cratchit children. He treated them to a fancy Christmas dinner and he paid their medical bills. Even though Cratchit received a fair salary, Mr. Scrooge gave him a raise, which only added to the inflationary spiral. I know this sounds familiar, because it's the same principle as our own welfare system—something for nothing—and it just doesn't work.

Well, we can only pray that next Christmas, Mr. Scrooge will be visited by three Conservative ghosts who will show him the error of his ways.

## The Pride Of The Yankees told by George Steinbrenner

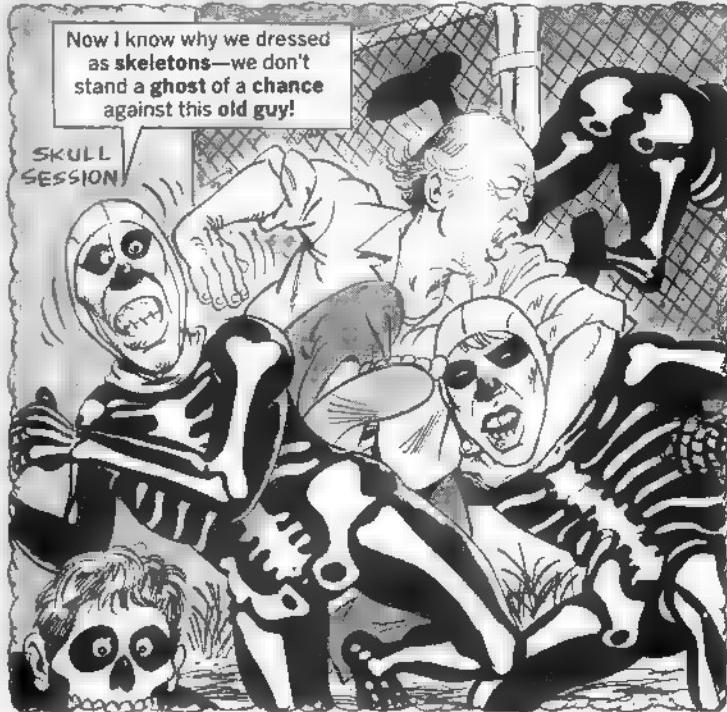


# ONE GLORIOUS DECEMBER MORNING



To quote the philosophy of Sly Stallone—“All men are created with sequels!” Hollywood, of course, has an even broader point of view—“All men and boys are created with sequels!” Which leaves Mad, a “sequel opportunity employer,” no choice but to present...

# The Karocky Kid Part III



Please, Truss, don't kick me anymore!  
After all, I did win second place!

Second place is nothing!  
Especially since there were only two people in the entire competition!

Please, must ask you not do violence!  
Is wrong!

Oh, yeah? Well I crush anyone who accuses me of using violence! Yipes!

I warn you about violence but you ignore me! Now I end your life!



You could have killed him, Mr. Teriyaki, but you just "tweaked" his nose!

Always remember, "Humiliation worse than death!"

I see what you mean! If I got that glitch you squeezed from his nose all over my hand, I'd die from humiliation, too!



I did it! I did it! With that good, old American know-how!

Very true! Since Nixon, "cheating" is acceptable good, old American know-how! Next I teach you to "focus" so you can drive in nails with bare hand!



Yow!  
This really hurts!

Don't focus on pain! Focus on something else!

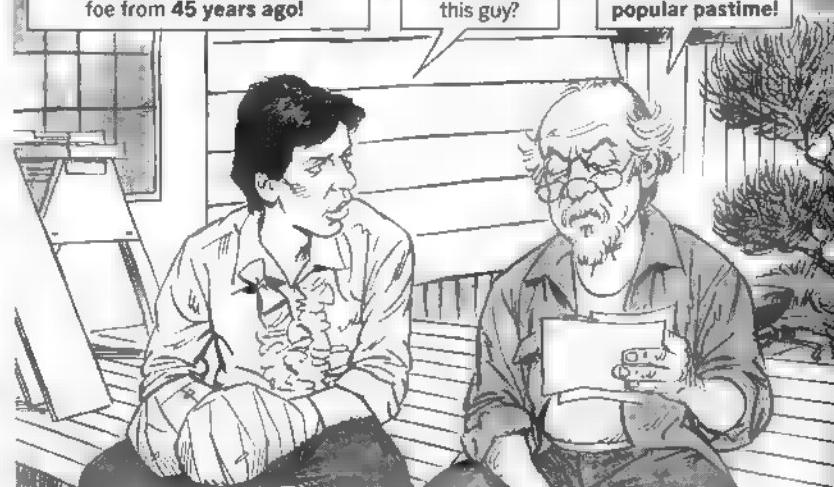
Okay, I'll focus on how cheap you are for not buying a hammer!

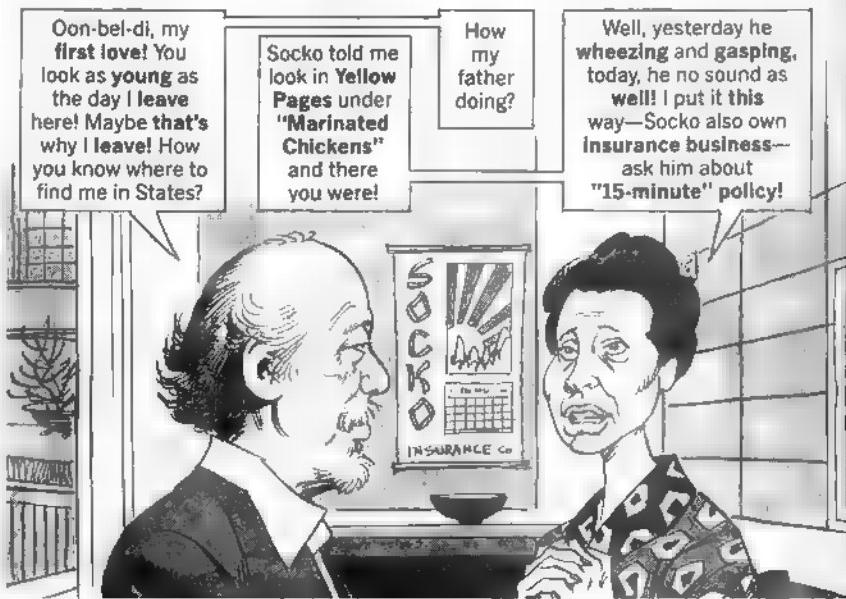
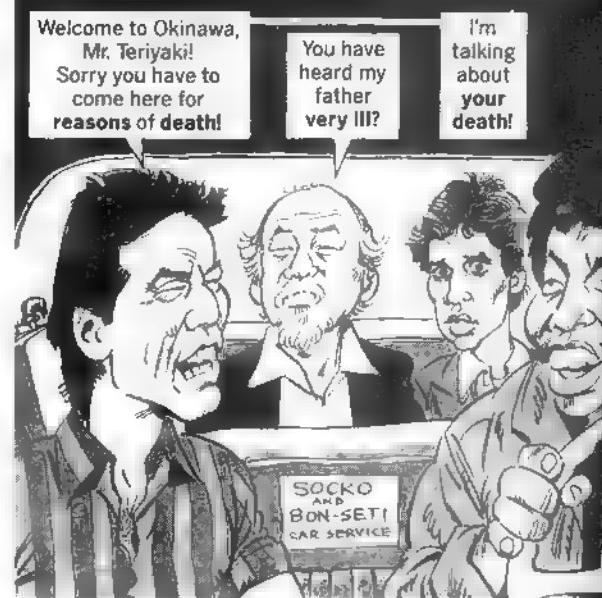


Damnyouson, I must go home to Okinawa! Letter say my father very sick, may die soon! That mean doing battle with Socko, foe from 45 years ago!

45 years ago?  
And you still have to fight this guy?

Not much to do in Okinawa, so "holding grudges" is popular pastime!





He's gone! May a thousand golden eagles fly about his head, but never poop on his tombstone!

Ah, sweet Oon-bei-di, such poetry! After all these years, you have not lost your sensitivity!

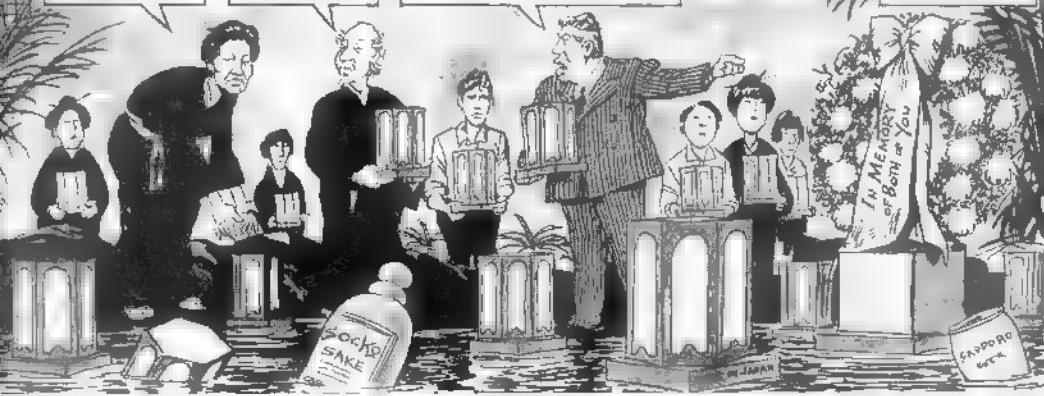
Me neither! I return kindness and compassion your father show me as a boy, Teriyaki! I give 20 minutes of peaceful mourning! Then I show you "Killer Karate"!

By you, 20 minutes to mourn and "Killer Karate" is kindness and compassion?

Yes! And since I also own flower store, I save you bundle! Make one funeral wreath for both graves!

Are you afraid of your upcoming fight with Socko, Mr. Teriyaki?

No, Teriyaki know best way to avoid "Killer Karate" death blow—move out of way very quickly! I use same technique 45 years ago...



Do you duck, or move to the side?

Move very far out of way—take plane to America! I develop that technique myself—is called "The Teriyaki Take-Off"! Remember these words, Damnyouson— When in doubt, get the hell out!

That my lifelong desire, Damnyouson!

To be a ballet dancer?

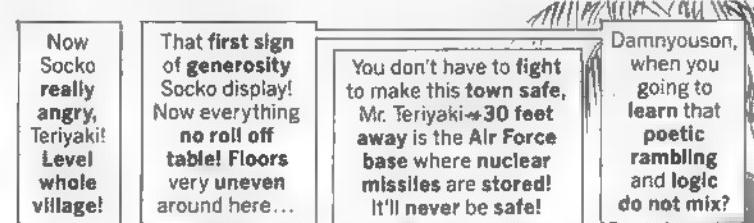
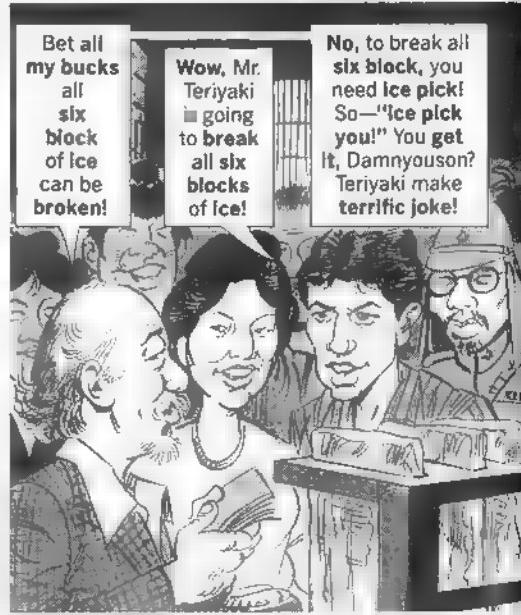
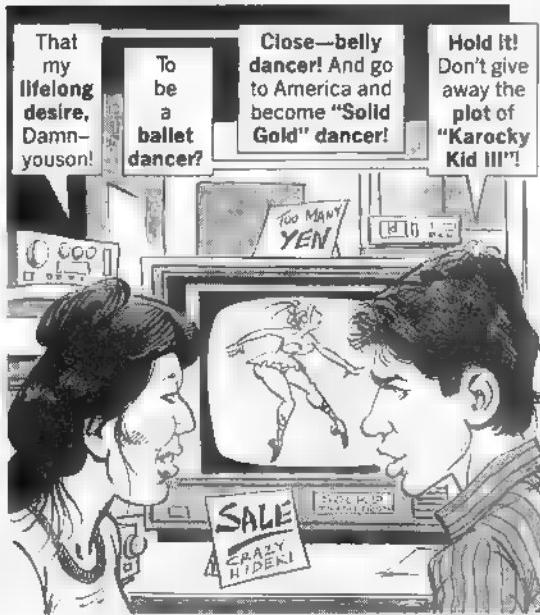
Close—belly dancer! And go to America and become "Solid Gold" dancer!

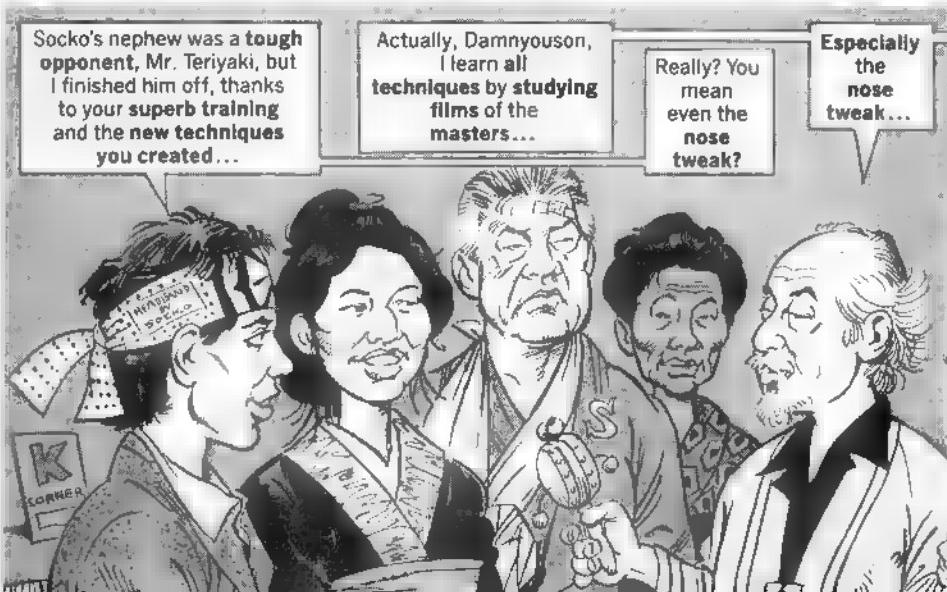
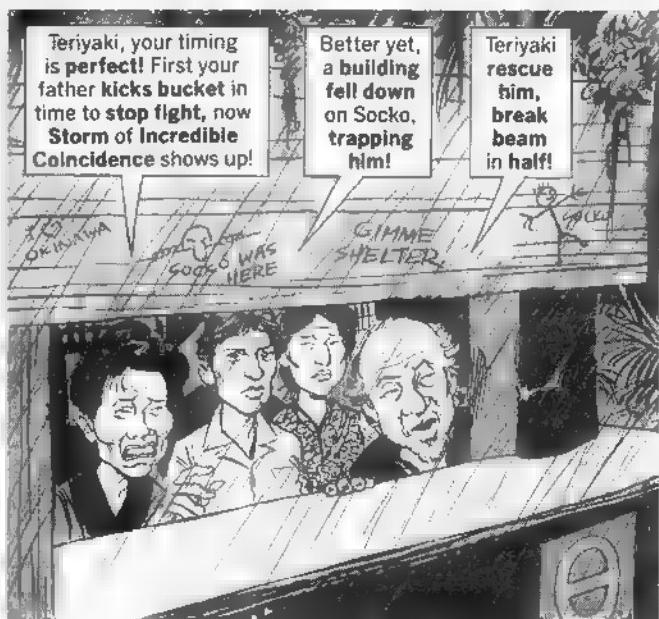
Hold it! Don't give away the plot of "Karocky Kid III"!

Bet all my bucks all six block of ice can be broken!

Wow, Mr. Teriyaki is going to break all six blocks of ice!

No, to break all six block, you need ice pick! So—"ice pick you!" You get it, Damnyouson? Teriyaki make terrific joke!





Especially the nose tweak...

...created and perfected by the honorable Larry, Moe, and Curly—the masters!



## MUCH ADIEU ABOUT NOTHING DEPT.

*Nothing makes the skin crawl like that tired old parting remark "Have—" (Whoops! You know the one we mean!) Maybe it used to generate good feeling—30 years ago—but now it gives*

### STEWARDESSES



### SUPERMARKET CHECKERS



# MORE L FAREW TO REPLACE 1

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

### WAITERS



off as much warmth as a frozen enchilada. It's high time to revive the heartfelt good-bye! You'll be glad you're on your way out when you hear MAD's extremely meaningful, sincere and

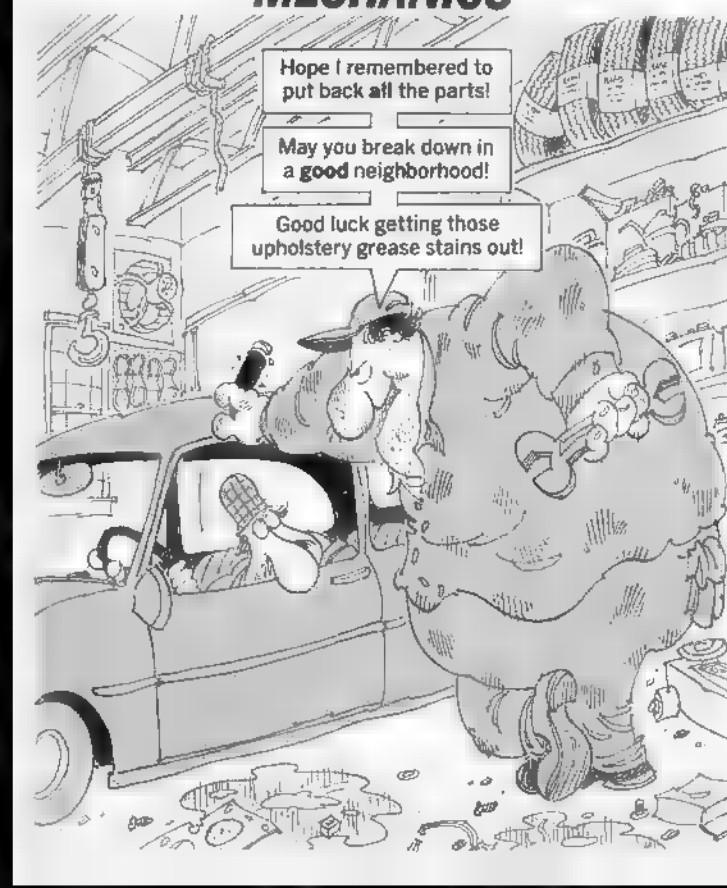
# OGICAL VELLS THE DREADED



Have a nice day!  
Have a nice day!  
Have a nice day!  
Have a...

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

## MECHANICS

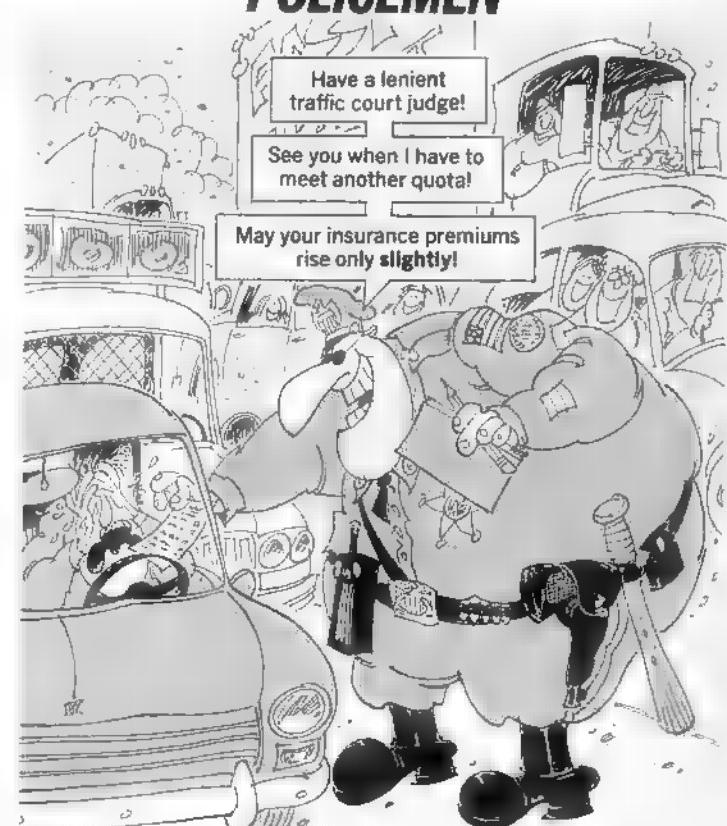


Hope I remembered to put back all the parts!

May you break down in a good neighborhood!

Good luck getting those upholstery grease stains out!

## POLICEMEN



Have a lenient traffic court judge!

See you when I have to meet another quota!

May your insurance premiums rise only slightly!

## DR.'S OFFICE RECEPTIONISTS

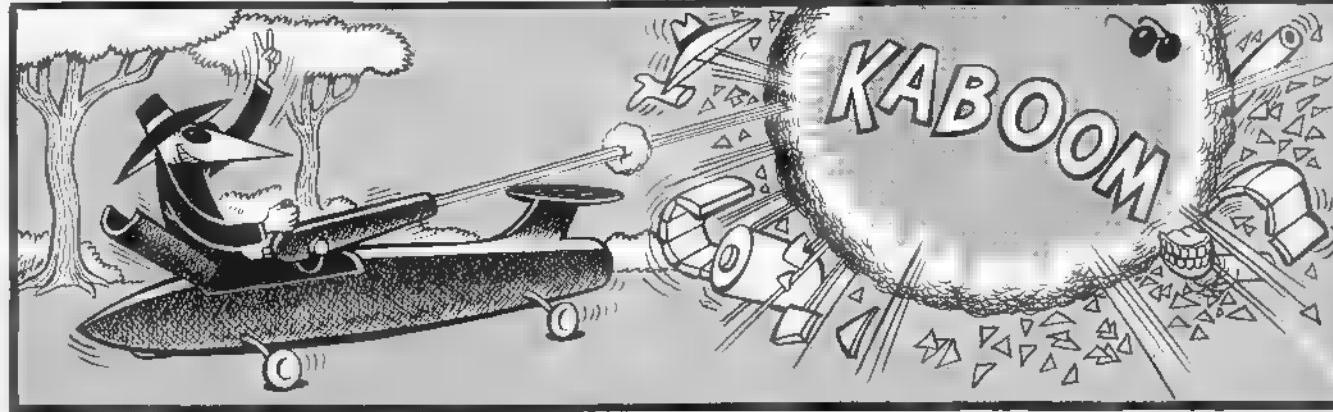
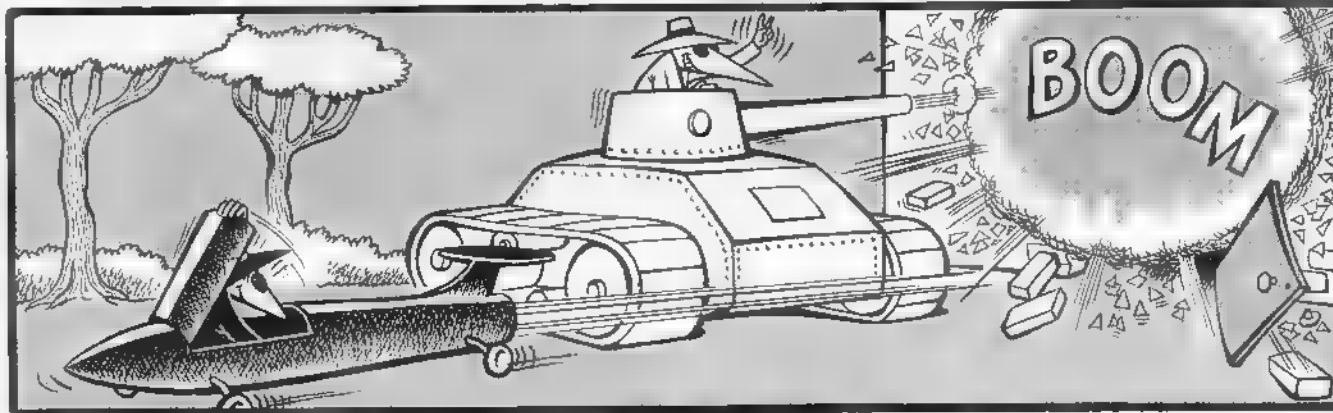
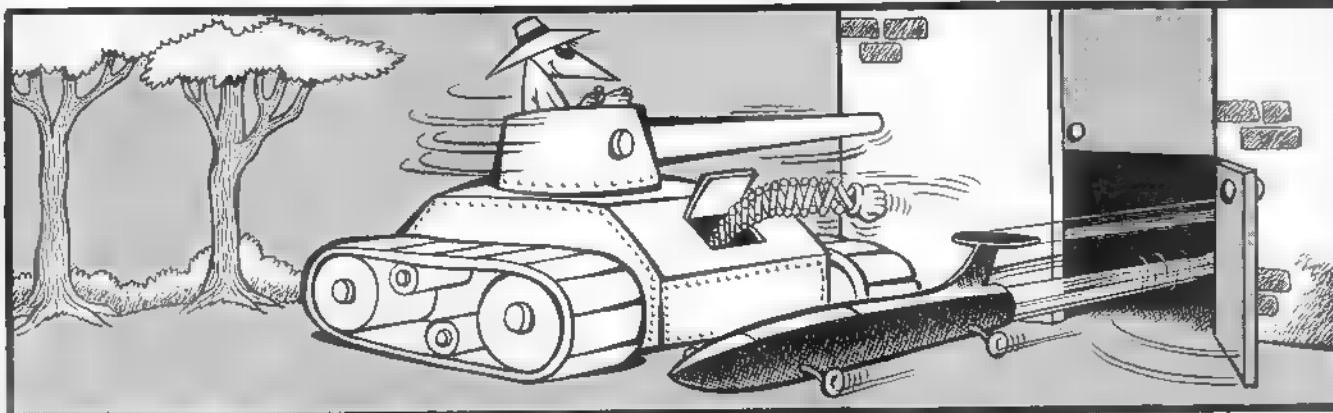
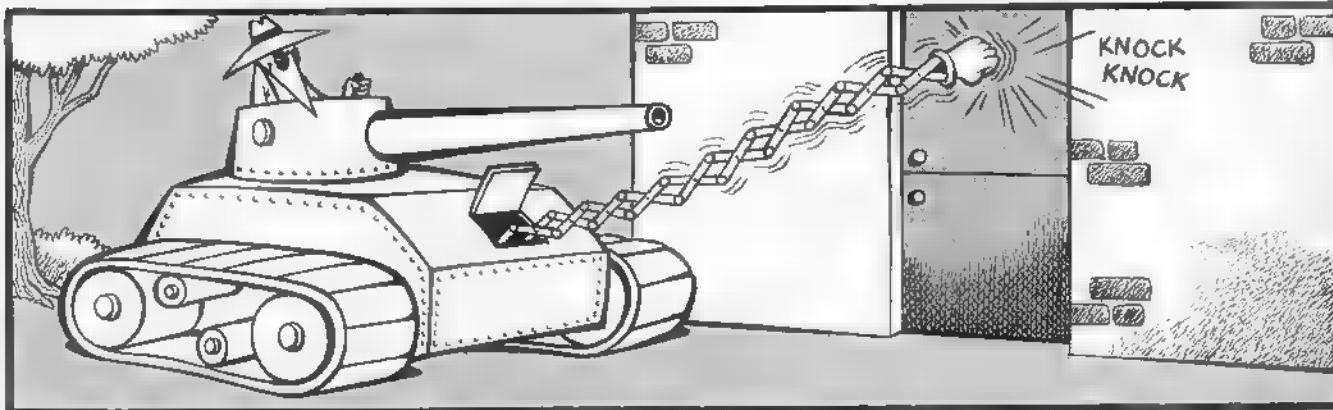
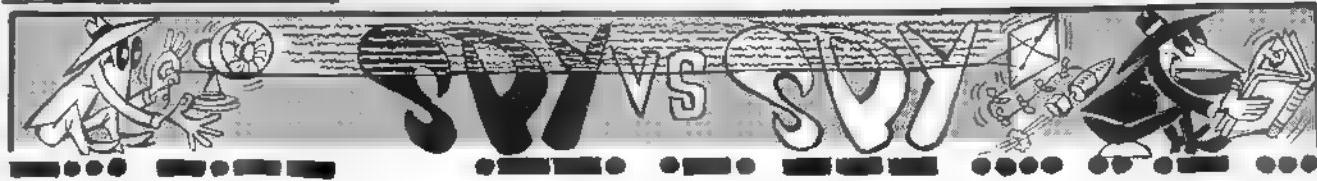


May the pharmacist give you the right drug!

May the lab keep all your test results straight!

Hope the rest of your busy day isn't wasted!

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.



ATTORNEY OF THE SCREW DEPT.

And now, in tribute to the Attorney General and his Commission on Pornography, MAD presents...

# the FAR-OUT RIDE of EDWIN MEESE

*Listen, dear readers, and mind this piece*

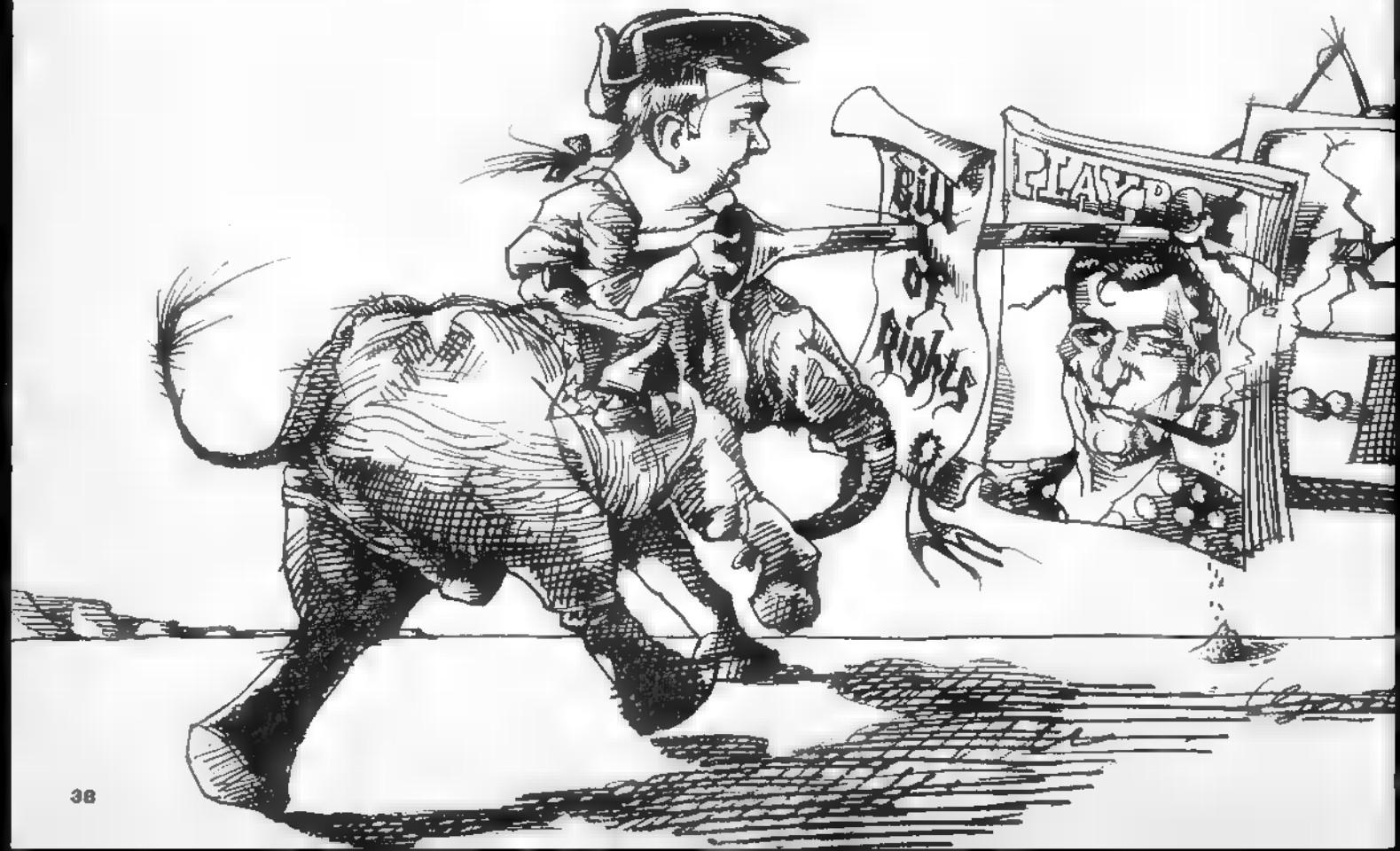
*On the far-out ride of Edwin Meese;  
A war be declared on porn and rock;  
Hardly a man could stand the shock  
When his blueprint for battle he did release.*



*"The country," he shouted, "I've now rated X;  
"By smut we're polluted, by filth overrun;  
"I fear that our youngsters are learning of sex;  
"A few, it's been rumored, have learned how it's done;  
"A crisis of giant proportions we've got,  
"Perverting our morals with mind-warping rot;  
"It's worse than cocaine and more fiendish than pot,  
"Which makes me believe it's a Communist plot."*

*He roared as he galloped throughout ev'ry state,  
"My hand I'll be raising if something's obscene;  
"A glance at my fingers will signal its fate—  
"One if it's banned, and two if it's clean."  
A lot of his critics expressed great dismay  
That our freedom of choice he was taking away;  
But Edwin Meese thundered, "Who cares what they say?  
"Only I can decide what is decent today."*

*Unswerved, Edwin Meese carried out what he'd planned,  
Protecting the public from sellers of slime;  
At 7-11's all "Playboys" were banned;  
A couple of stores threw out "People" and "Time."  
"I've seen," he declared, "what the swill-mills produce;  
"Before I am done, I'll remove Mother Goose,  
"As well as the Muppets, whose morals are loose;  
"From there it's the Care Bears and then Dr. Seuss."*



*"The birthplace of smut," he proclaimed, "I have traced  
To video rock, which is filthy and lewd;  
Because it offends me, I'll have it erased,  
And, heavens to Betsy, I'm hardly a prude!"  
For lyrics obscene be continued to search,  
While he cried in alarm from his high-minded perch;  
The songs of Madonna he didn't besmirch  
For fear, so he said, of offending the Church.*

*Some nosy reporters recalled how he stood  
On minority rights, which he seemed to oppose;  
But Edwin Meese bollered, "My record is good!  
All people are equal, as ev'ryone knows;  
My motto's 'Speak barsbly, and swing a sharp ax;'  
Before I am finished, they'll all get their whacks;  
No soul shall be spared from my righteous attacks,  
Whether misguided whites or degenerate blacks."*

*Just who's been behind him is somewhat in doubt;  
When questioned, the President said with good cheer,  
"I'm really not sure what the fuss is about;  
Get back to me later—like maybe next year."  
And so Edwin Meese galloped onward with pride,  
Uncovering porn with each earth-shaking stride;  
Whatever the outcome, it can't be denied  
He's taken the whole U.S.A. for a ride.*



### MIRTHQUAKE DEPT.

When we want to measure the power of an earthquake, we use the Richter Scale, ranging from 1 for a mild tremor to 9 for a quake of total destruc-

# THE MAD RICHTER SCA

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

## YOUR BODY

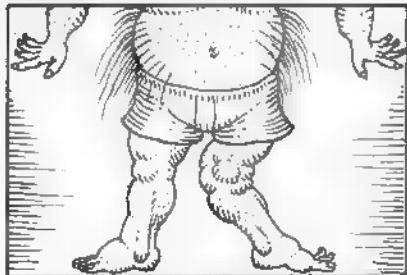
1

Except for a hangnail and some excess ear wax, your body functions adequately for someone of your nationality.



2

Because of a fungal disease, hair sprouts from your ribs. A shattered kneecap ends all dreams of playing professional lacrosse.



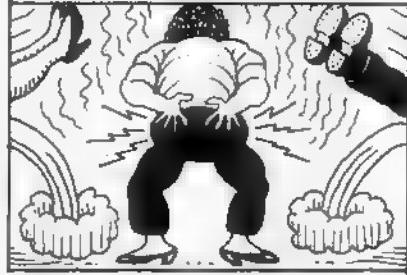
3

With no warning, you throw up four times a day on mixed company. Your only comfortable position is crawling on all fours.



4

Back spasms rack your body, ruining your plans for Arbor Day. Having no sense of smell, you are unaware you are giving off a terrible odor.



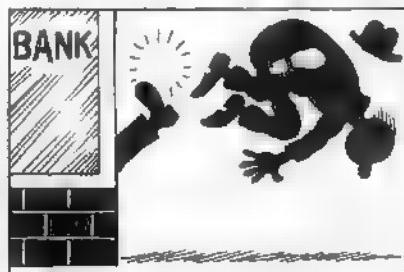
5

You are rejected by your life-support system for not "playing the game." Your vital organs give out one by one and later will be sold, though at a substantial discount.

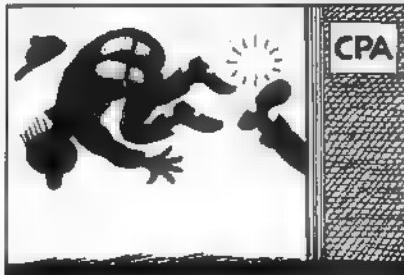


## YOUR MONEY

You learn too late that your Daily Horoscope is an unreliable investment guide. The interest on your VISA Card exceeds your salary.



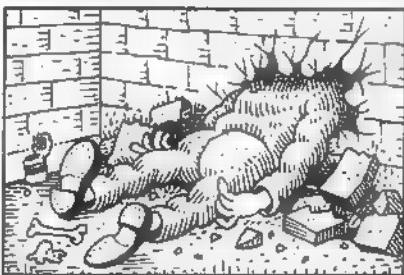
Your tax accountant begs off, saying he "doesn't want to get involved." There are no buyers for your bowling trophies.



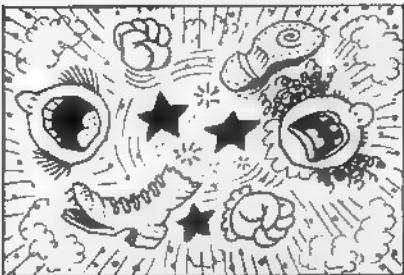
Restaurants require you to put down a cash deposit before ordering. The word "Dead-beat" is imprinted by your bank on your personal checks.



Bleeding in an alleyway, you learn that loansharks are not good listeners. Your scheme to mortgage your children is unsuccessful.



A bus driver refuses your IOU. You wrestle a bag-lady for territorial garbage rights.



tion. Don't you wish there was a system that simple for indicating what shape our lives are in? There is now! A 1 to 5 grading system called...

# LE FOR HUMAN BEINGS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

## YOUR PUBLIC IMAGE

Although you are not totally liked and often rub people the wrong way, your essential dullness still shines through.



## YOUR SEX APPEAL

There is something about you no woman can resist, and one day you hope to find it.



You are trailed by a security guard while shopping for washcloths at a local K-Mart. Your camper is turned away at an RV park.



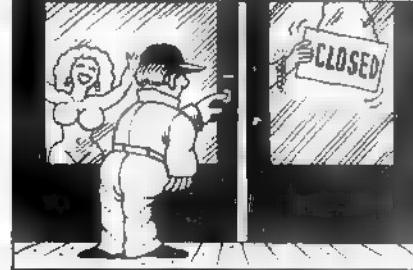
Two former girlfriends send you picture sex manuals on your birthday. Your dinner date takes along a pit bull as a chaperone.



No one knows who you are at a family reunion. Your minister requests that you change religions.



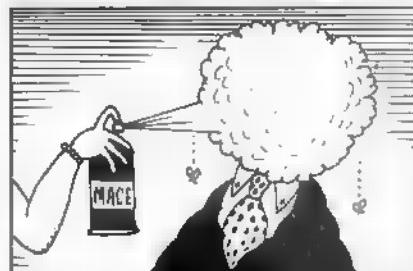
Dancers at a nude bar put on clothes when you enter. You see a sex therapist, who triples his fee after your first visit.



Large dogs use your leg as a hydrant. While taking your vacation, neighbors have your house towed away.



Alone with a date, you get your first sniff of Mace. A supermarket checker washes her hands after touching your groceries.



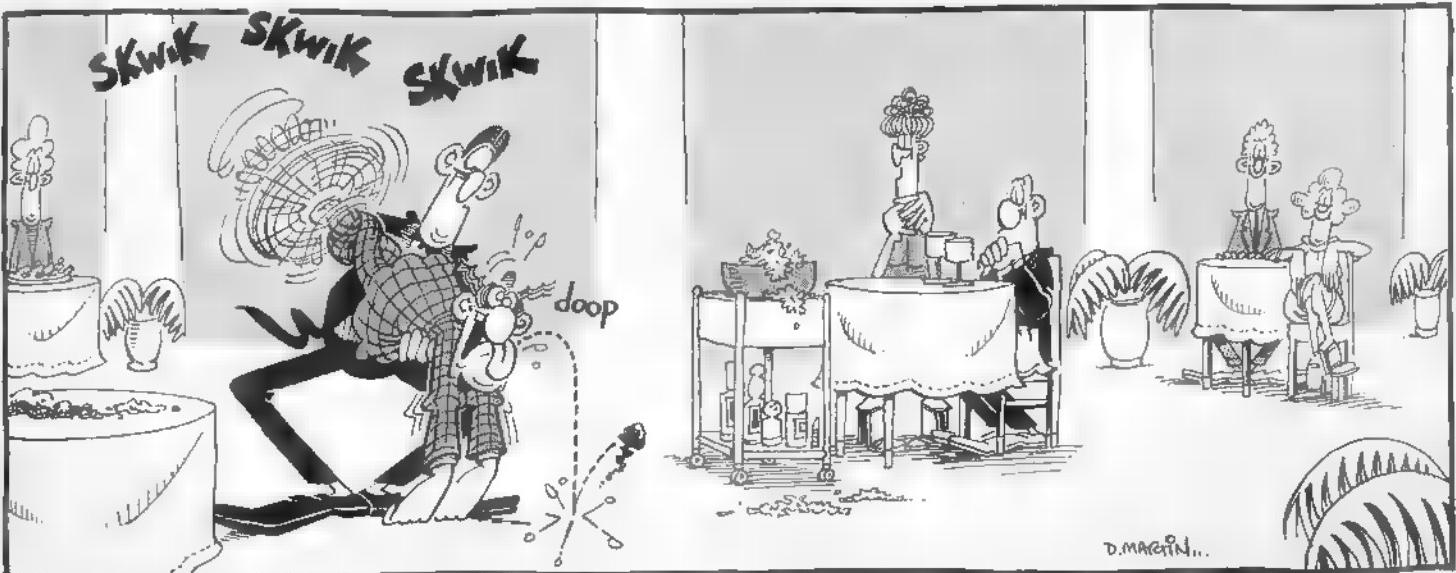
You collapse on a downtown street and someone calls for a sanitation truck. Because of "prior commitments," your family can't make your funeral.



The manager of an X-rated theatre says you're giving the place a bad name. You scout funerals for new widows.



# ONE DELIGHTFUL JANUARY MORNING



## THE SECOND SLIME AROUND DEPT.

Picture this... Creatures so hideous they would suck every breath of life out of you! No, we're not talking about the Internal Revenue Service, we're talking about the stars of one of this year's hottest films! Those cretins from another planet who burst out of people's stomachs, drip acidic ooze slime, torture and never once pick up a dinner check! We're talking about the...

# Alien Nation



You claim Aliens were invading human bodies and spawning eggs inside them, so you had to destroy a \$200 million starship?

It was the only way to kill them! They had acid for blood!

Yeah, well that's nothin'! Our Insurance company has a rock for a heart! They refused to pay off on "The Company's" claim for the starship you blew up!

We want you to go back to DOA426.

No! Never! I'll never go back!

What if I told you that even with your 57 years in space, you still need two million Frequent Flyer miles to qualify for a free trip to Puerto Rico!

Okay! Okay! I'll go! Dealing with "The Company" rules is worse than any stupid Aliens!

Come on, Marines, rise and shine! You've been asleep for three weeks! Coffee's ready!

Coffee is the last thing we want! The BATHROOM is what we want!

Me first! I have to shave!

No one told me there was an android aboard!

How did you know I am an android? Because I bled white fluid when I did that knife trick and cut myself?

That, and the fact that you're having pancakes smothered in STP Oil Treatment!

Okay, men, we're ready to launch our land rover and explore DOA426! Drop station at ready! Sequencers activated! Switching from GE range to sterno can! Septic tank plug tightened! Fuzzy dice on rearview mirror in place! Saint Christopher medal secured to dashboard!

Oh, stop making it sound so technical and just hit the button marked "GO"!

Look at this disgusting place! Pus-filled sores in these living-membrane walls! And that moldy-odored slime hanging from the ceiling! Don't touch it!

Whaddya mean, don't touch it? I thrive on hand-to-slime combat! Can't we have any fun on this lousy mission?!

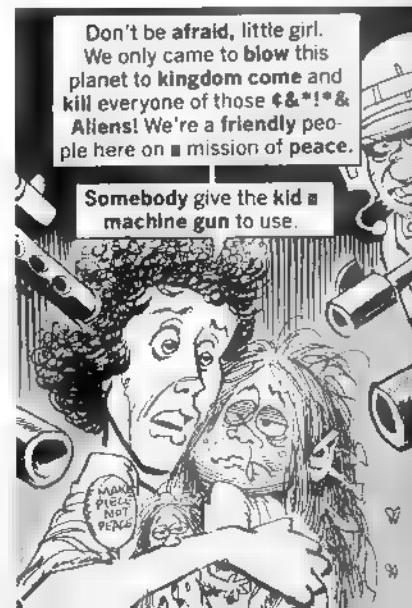
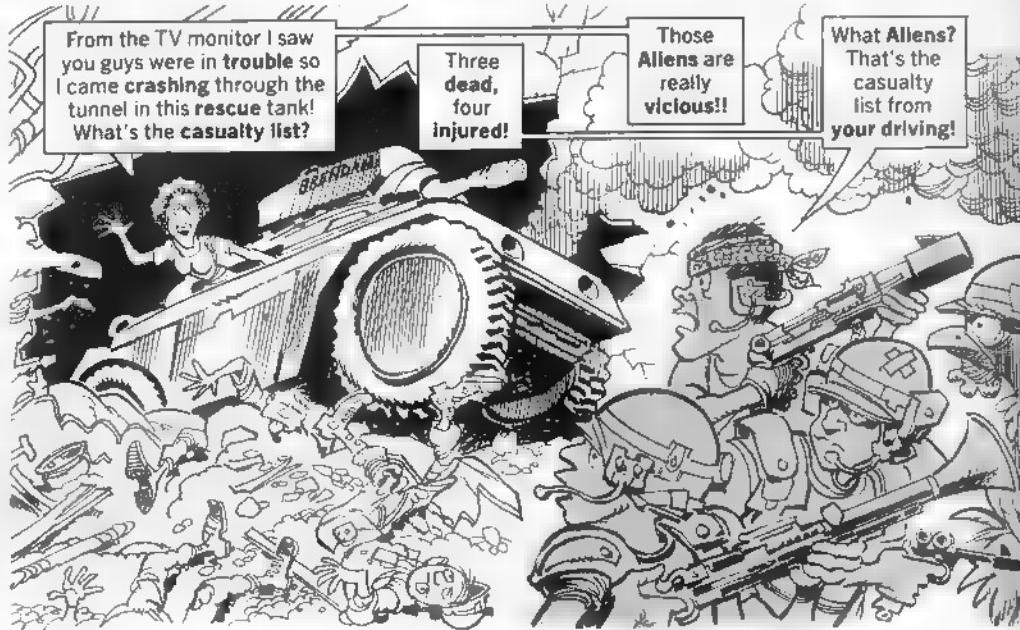
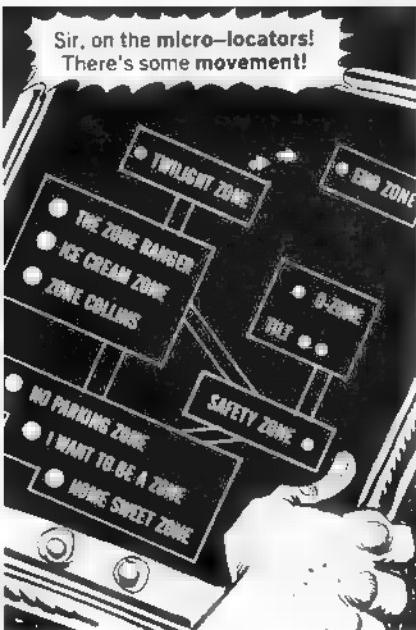
**Corporal Hex**, the tunnel your platoon is in is right under the Ronson Fuel-Ignited Generator! If they fire their weapons, we'll all be blown clear into the next article!

Er, guys, listen up! The plan is EXACTLY the same as before—seek and destroy the Aliens, but, er... don't fire your guns!

No guns? What's that leave us with?

Barting, running and sweating profusely are all OK!

We're doomed! We're going to die! And I only have three years, 11 months left to my four-year hitch!!! Oh... why did this have to happen to me now???







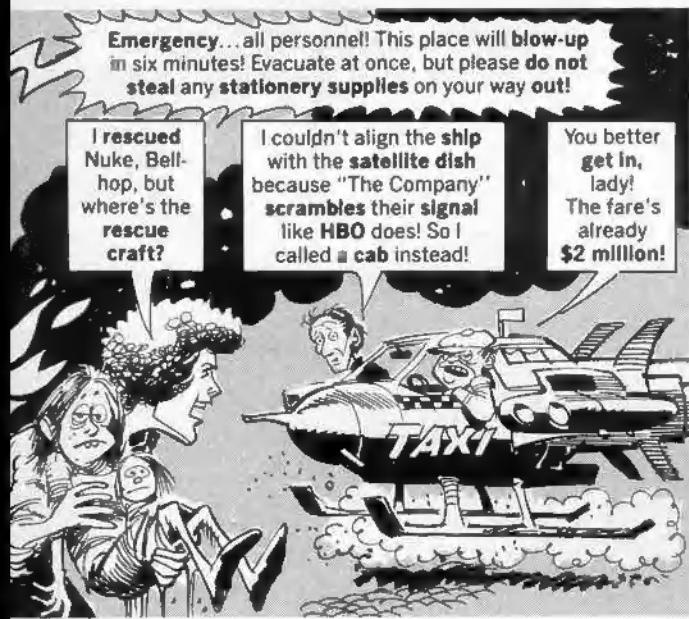
They're here!!  
HELP!!

Don't worry, Nuke! They won't get you! I'm going to protect you as if you were my own daughter! But you must not point, dear. It's bad manners! And don't use such a loud voice! And don't slouch! Stand up straight or you'll go to bed without your dessert pill tonight!

God, Nuke would've been better off with one of the Aliens as her mother!

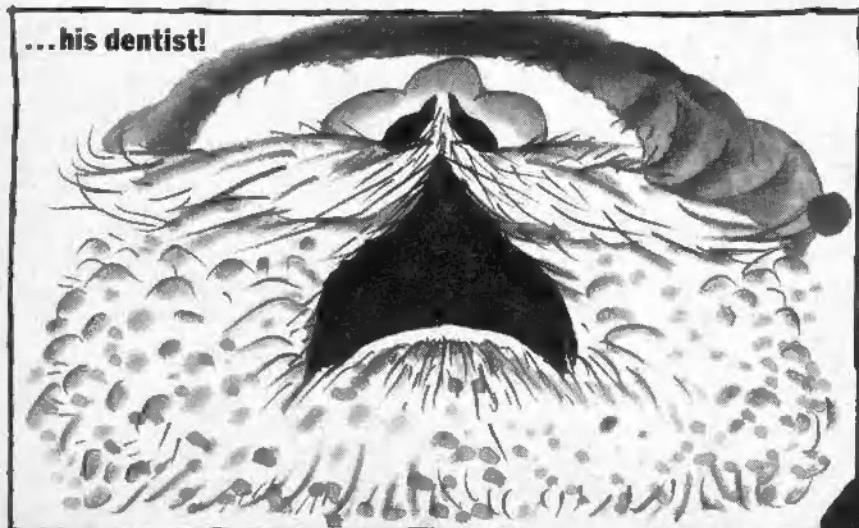
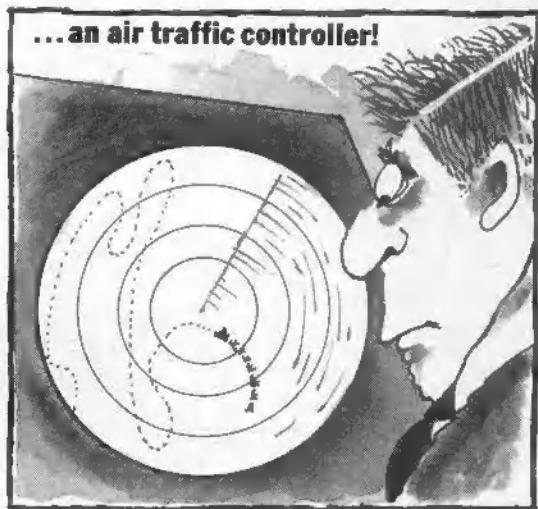
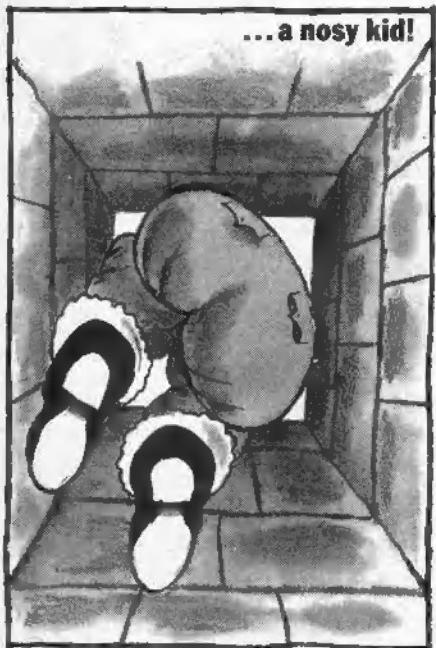
Through this way, Ripley! It's a shortcut!

Look, it's the Mother Alien giving birth! Look at all the sticky goo and yucky webs! Yecch! How disgusting! That clinches it, Nuke, I'm adopting you! I NEVER want to go through the experience of childbirth!



...AND TO ALL A GOOD SIGHT DEPT.

# SANTA CLAUS AS SEEN BY...



WHAT DO  
EXPERTS AGREE  
MAKES STUDENTS  
CONFUSED AND  
OUT OF TOUCH  
WITH REALITY?

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Parents, teachers and law officials agree on the one thing that causes students's problems. To find out what it is, fold in page as shown on the right.



A►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

### SCHOOL EVALUATION SEMINAR

#### PROBLEM AREAS!

GUILTY VANDALS- SEX ED- CLASS  
NOT PUNISHED! PATHETIC!! ATTENDANCE  
HOMEWORK- DEADLY! AWFUL!  
COUNTERPRODUCTIVE! RAMPANT  
RACE RELATIONS TENS DRUG SELLING  
Y SPORTS!

PTA- \*

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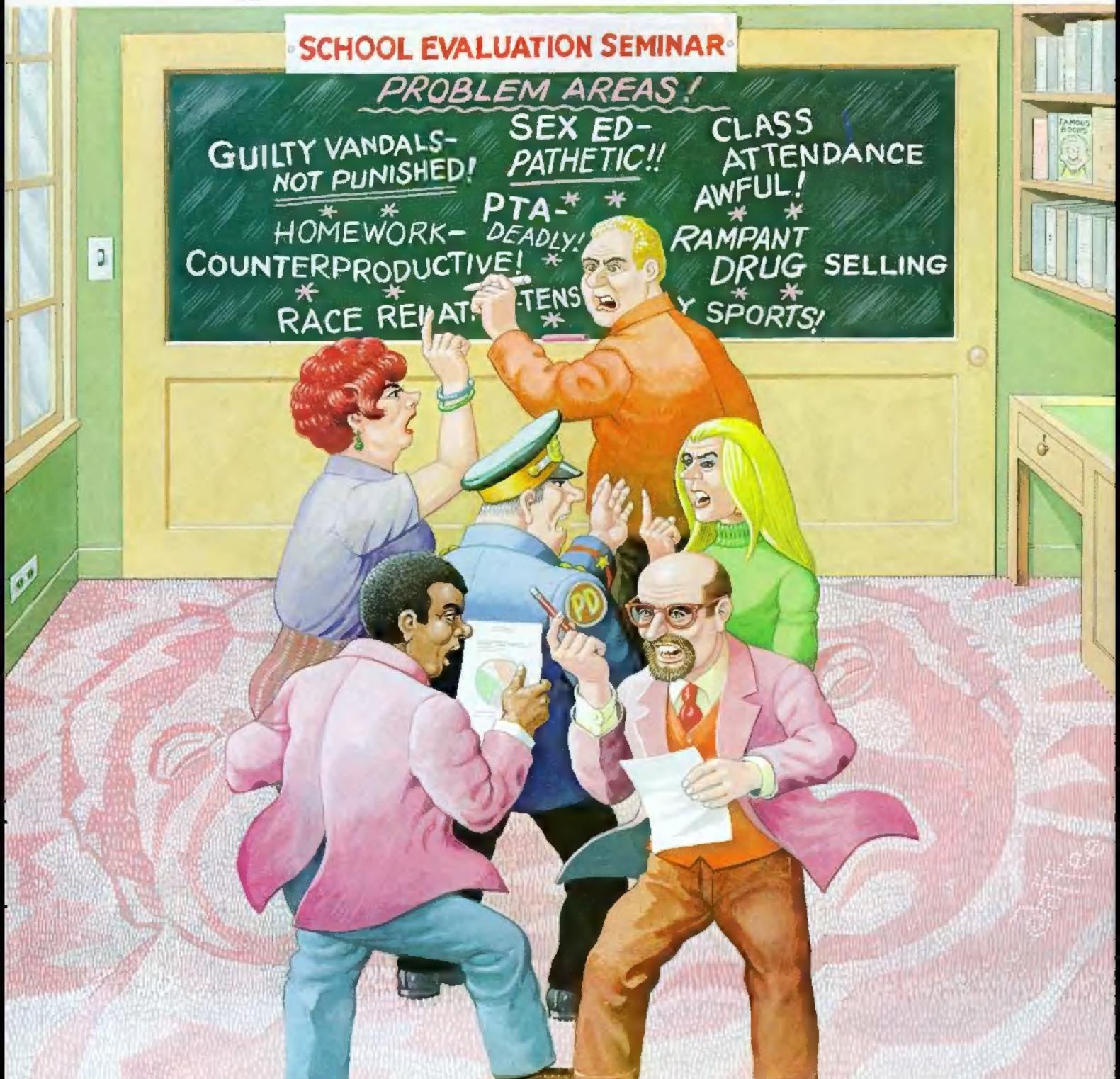
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RACE RELATIONS TENS Y SPORTS!

Y SPORTS!



A►

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

◀B

# SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS AT RICHARD M. NIXON HIGH

